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THE FIFTH BOOK



LONDON.

Printed by J. Playford Junr. at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1684.

TO ALL
LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS
OF
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Fifth Book of *New Songs and Ayres* had come sooner (by three Months) to your hands, but the last dreadful Frost put an Embargo upon the Press for more than ten Weeks; and, to say the truth, there was a great unwillingness in me to undertake the pains of publishing any more Collections of this nature: But at the request of Friends, and especially Mr. Carr, who assisted me in procuring some of these Songs from the Authors, I was prevailed with: Yet indeed the greatest Motive was, to prevent my Friends and Country-men from being cheated with such false Ware as is daily published by ignorant and mercenary persons, who put Musical Notes over their Songs, but neither minding Time nor right places, turn Harmony into Discord: Such Publications being a Scandal and Abuse to the Science of *Musick*, and all Ingenious Artists and Professors thereof. This I conceive I was bound to let my Reader understand; and that in what hitherto I have made public of this nature, my pains and care has ever been not only to procure perfect Copies, but also to see them true and well printed: But now I find my Age, and the Infirmities of Nature, will not allow me the strength to undergo my former Labours again, I shall leave it to two young Men, my own Son, and Mr. Carr's Son, who is one of His Majesty's Musick, and an ingenious person, whom you may rely upon, that what they publish of this nature, shall be carefully corrected and well done, my self engaging to be assisting to them in the overseeing the Press for the future, that what Songs they make public be good and true Musick, both for the credit of the Authors, and to the content and satisfaction of the Buyers; which that they may never be otherwise, is the desire of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most faithful Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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Books sold by John Carr at the Middle Temple Gate.

- A** N Essay to the Advancement of Music, By G. Johnson. Price 2 s.
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When first I fair Celinda saw, her kindness then was great, her

Eyes I could with pleasure view, and friendly Rays did meet: In all delights we past the

time that could diversion move, she oft would kind-ly hear me rhyme upon some other's Love, she

oft would kind-ly hear my Rhime up-on some other's Love.

that, ah! as I grew too bold,
 Press'd by my growing flame,
 For when my Passion I had told,
 She hated ev'n my Name;
 Thus I that could her Friendship boast,
 And did her Love pursue,
 Am taught Contentment as the cost
 Of Love and Friendship too.

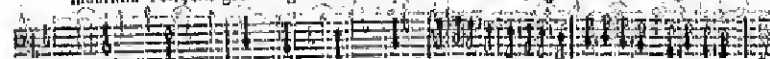
And did her Love pursue,
 Am taught Contentment as the cost
 Of Love and Friendship too.



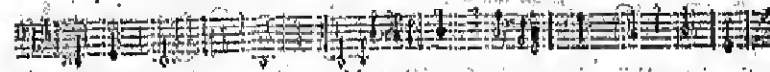
Enceath a dark and melancholly Grove, mixt with the Cypress and the



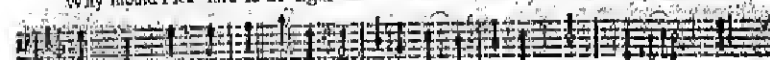
mournful Yew, the grow-ing Emblems of a fruitless Love, with anxious thoughts that



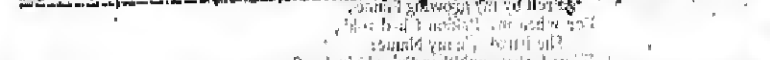
did past Ads re-new, the painful Shepherd lay, and thus his Muse in-wi-ted him to say:



Why should Plea-sure so de-light us in its selfe-san-ra-lick Name? Why should Fraud



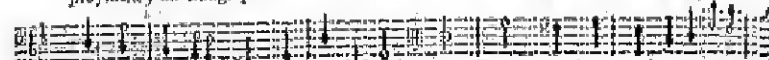
front Truth in-vite us? What's the End on't? What's the Aim? All our 'Acts of



past En-joy-ment glide and leave us, like a Stream: Present Time's the last Em-



ployment; all things past are but a Dream. Then farewell Mansions, sa-cred Bow'rs;



beauteous Friends, and happy Hours! Farewell World, and worldly Blef-sing, Joy and



Mirth beyond expressing; all this Nature e're would prove in fruitless Innocence or Love!



But O wile Time, that brings the Morning Light, bids this be done; and brings the tedious



Night; late to that long Farewell say! Joye are fled; think off yobb Chast-ty-da



at, on the Dead.

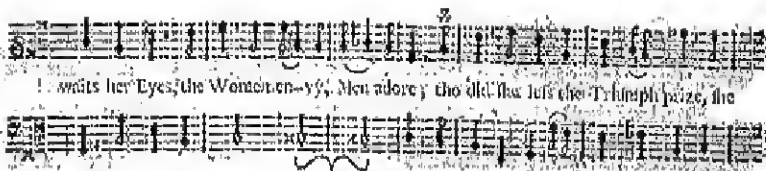




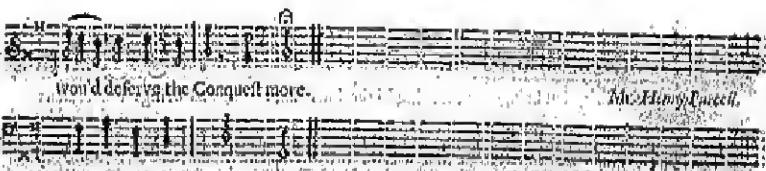
N. Chari all soft Charms agree, en-charming Humours, pow'rful Wit,



Beauty from All-Corruption free, and for E-ter-nal Empire sit; where ere she goes Love



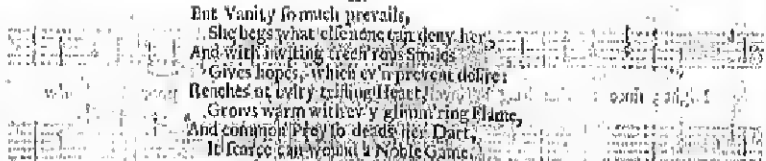
I waits her Eyes; the Women en-vy; Men adore; tho' she has lost the Triumph prize, she



Wou'd defer, the Conquest more.

Mr. Henry J. J. J.

II.



But Vanity so much prevails,

She begs what others can deny her

And with inviting fresh red Smiles

Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent desire:

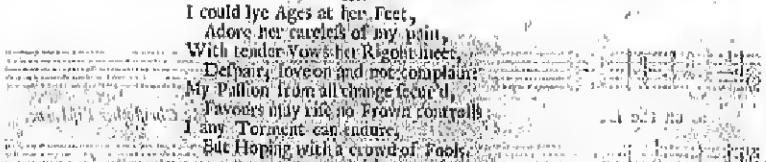
Reaches at every trifling heart;

Grows warm with every glimmering Flame,

And consumes itself to death's hot Dart,

It scarce can reach a Noble Game.

III.



I could lye Ages at her Feet,

Adore her careless of my pain,

With tender Vows her Right meet;

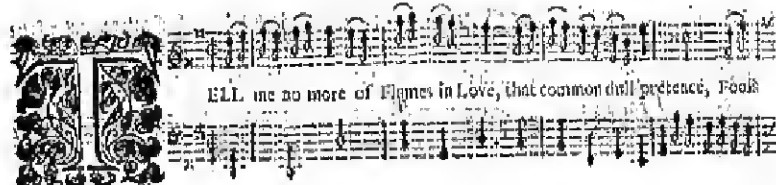
Despair, love on and not complain:

My Passion from all change secure'd,

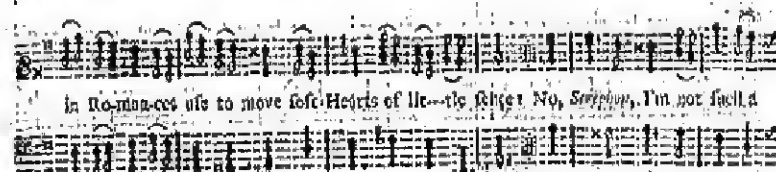
Favours my life no Frown contrails

I any Torment can endure;

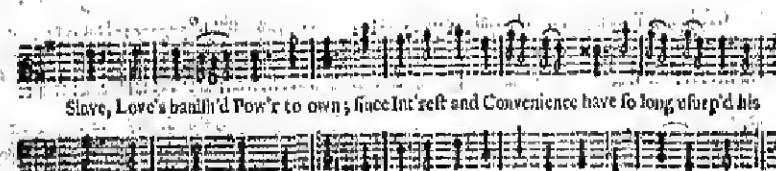
But Hoping with a crowd of Fools.



ELL me no more of Flames in Love, that common dull pretence, Fools



In Ro-man-ces use to move soft Hearts of Men--the Sigher No, *Sings*, I'm not such a



Slave, Love's banish'd Pow'r to own; since Int'rest and Convenience have so long usurp'd his



Thence

Mr. J. J. J.

No burning Hope or cold Despair,

Dark Groves or purring Streams,

Sighing and talking to the Air

In Love's fantastick Dreams,

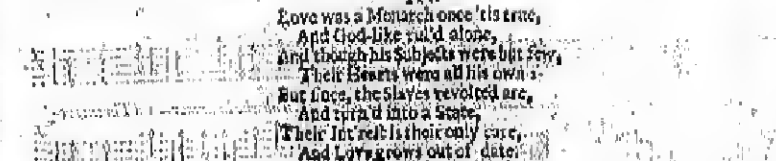
Can move my Pity or my Hate,

But Satyrists I'll prove,

And All ridiculous create

That shall pretend to love.

III.



Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,

And God-like rul'd alone,

And though his Subjects were but few,

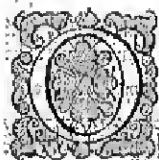
Their Hearts were all his own:

But since the Slaves revolted are,

And turn'd into a State,

Their Int'rest is their only care,

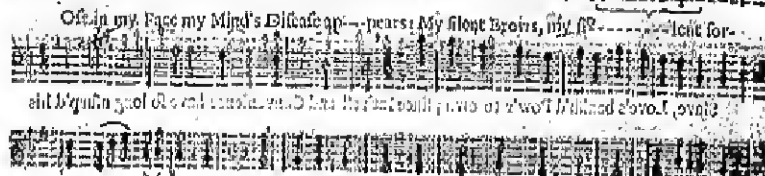
And Love grows out of date.



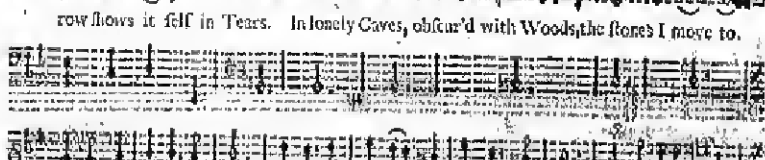
Quench these Flames! the mi-fer-able Fate I'm in! Here be-fore



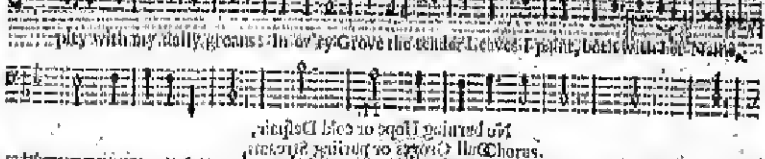
Here be-fore! Some I yet re-turn, and more in-ter-est, richer than all the Treas-ure of the East.



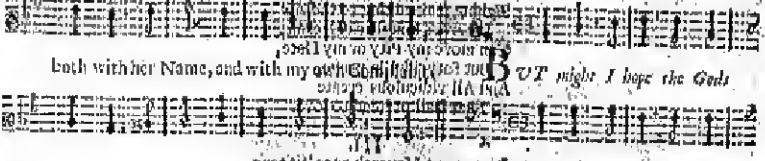
Of in my Face my Mind's Dis-ease ap-pear; My stout Bo-oms, my



row flows it full in Tears. In lonely Caves, ob-scure'd with Woods, the Stones I move to.



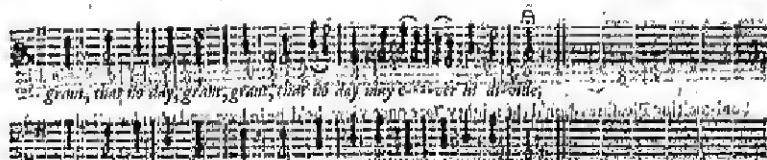
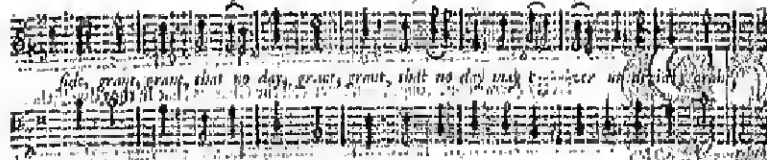
pley with my dail-y greens: In ev'ry Grove the tender Leaves I paint, both with her Name



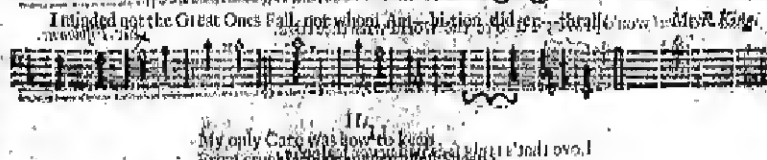
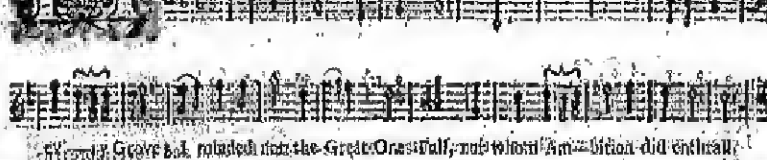
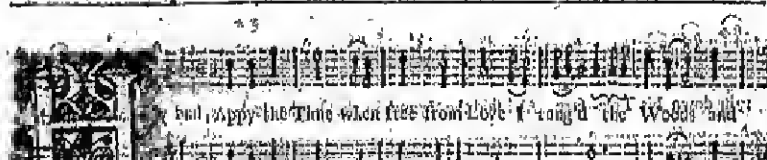
Both with her Name, and with my own. **CHORUS.** **BT** might I hope the Gods



did ere de-sign to move her Heart, and thus to give her to my Arms - and Throats -



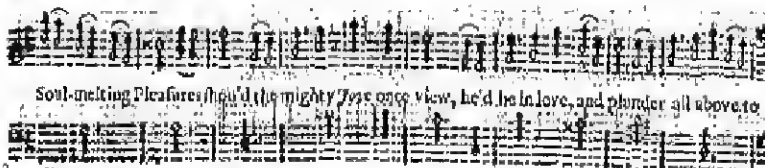
Grant, that to day, grant, grant, that to day may I see her in my Arms.



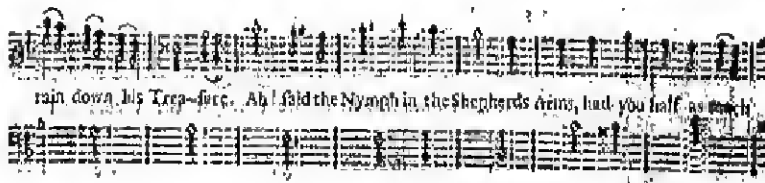
My only Care was how to keep
From cruck'd Wives, my dear Heart's
But though from Wives I did keep
None could my Heart from Love
The first of Love, and then I found
That love was more than all the world
But I have, and I have, and I have



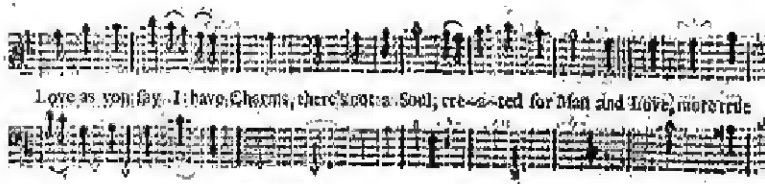
Reasy Phœbe, no tongue can ever tell the Charms that in thee dwell; that



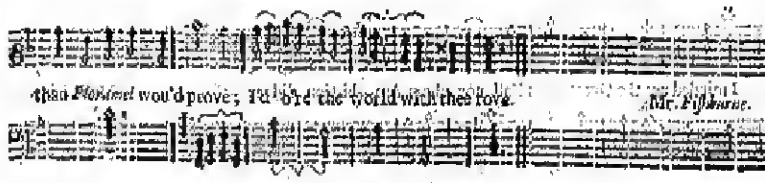
Soul-melting Pleasures, should the mighty Jove once view, he'd be in love, and plunder all above to



rain down his Treas'ure. Ah! said the Nymphe in the Shepherd's Arms, had you half as much



Love as you say, I have Charms, there's not a Soul, cre-ated for Man and Love, more true



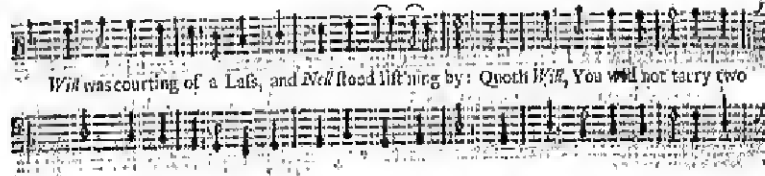
than Phœbe! wou'd prove; I'd bid the world with this love

Mr. Fildes.

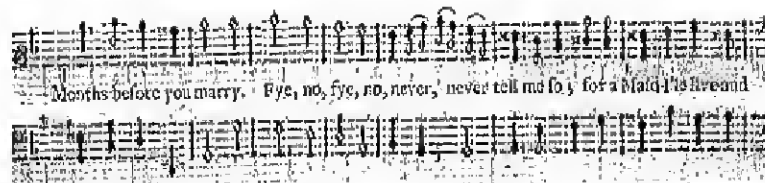
Love that's truly free, I never feel; but
But artful Love, may be, I never find;
Both double and single, I have known;
Ah! dear Shepherdess, be not so proud, for you may find
My Heart will prove no less
Than everend's loving;
Then, crys the Nymphe, like the Sun thou shalt be,
And I, like the Moon, shall, will produce all to thee;
Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden, I'll sing and pay
To my Sight. Nay, then pray, I'll not
Take not those dear Eyes away.



N the Shade, up--on the Grass where Nymphs and Shepherds lie



Will was courting of a Lass, and Nell Road list'ning by: Quoth Will, You wou'd not tarry two



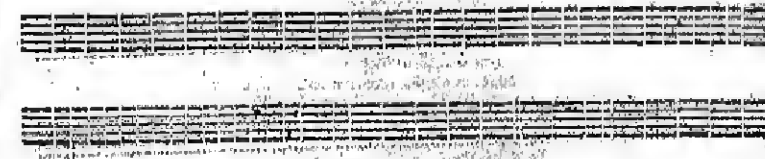
Months before you marry. Fye, no, fye, no, never, never tell me so; for a Maid I'll be and



dye. Quoth Nell, So will not I.

Mr. Fildes.

II.
Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
With Kisses mixt between,
With a Kiss he shew'd his Ears;
How much have alter'd been;
Finding his Love grown stronger,
For fear of staying longer;
Good, Good now, pray, I say,
If you love me let me go, and I
For fear you change my Mind,
And leave my Heart behind.

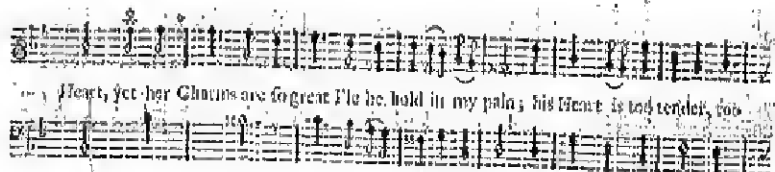




Hough the Pride of my Passion fair Silvia be-trays, and frowns at the



Love I am-part, though kindly her Eyes twist a-mo-rous Rays to tie a more-for-tunate



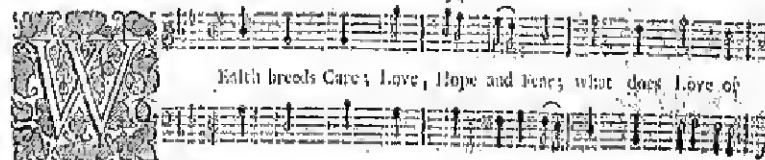
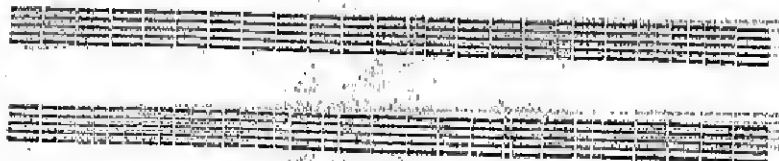
Heart, yet her Charms are so great I'll be hold in my palm; his Heart is too tender, too



tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Mr. Tho. Easton.

Still my Heart is so full to my passionate Eyes,
It dissolves with delight while I gaze;
And he that loves on, though Silvia denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys: he not so
I no more can restrain her, No more can I
Than the force of the force;
Of her Beauty, can I stand to oppose.



Each breeds Care; Love, Hope and Fear; what does Love of



hus-ness here? while *Bacchus* mer-ry does ap-pear, fight on and fear no sinking.



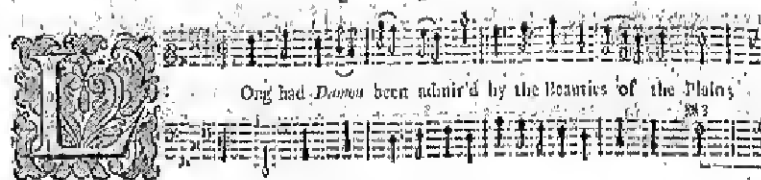
Change it briskly to the ship, till she Ay-ling Top-sails from. We owe the great Dis-



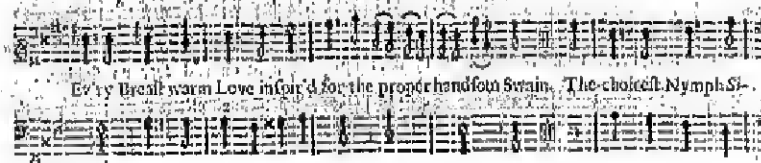
covery to him of this New World of Drinking.

Mr. Easton.

Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Delights with Wine;
Ceres and the Gods on Yves
Makes every great Commander of
Let sober Sense, and Reason, and
The Wife and Valiant, who deserve
The Sanguine, who the World can
Be drunk with, and the World can
Stand to your Arms, and now advance
A Health to the *English* King of France;
On to the next, and the next, and the next
By *Bacchus* and the next, and the next
Thus in state I lead the next, and the next
Fall in your place by your right hand
Beat Drums, and the next, and the next
He's a *Drum*, and the next, and the next
To the next, and the next, and the next



Once had *Damon* been admir'd by the Beauties of the Plain;



By my Breath warm Love inspir'd for the proper hand of Swain. The choicest Nymph Si-



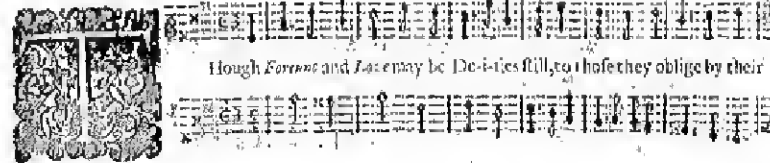
--- his bryd was won by his rich *Hebe's* Chorus; soft Look and Yare as smooth, had led and



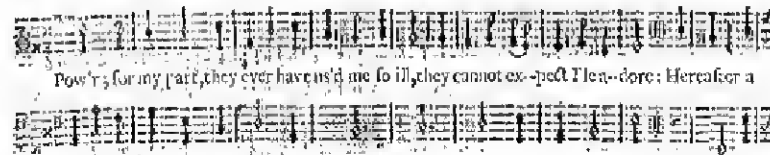
left the Captive in his Arms

Mr. F. B. B. B.

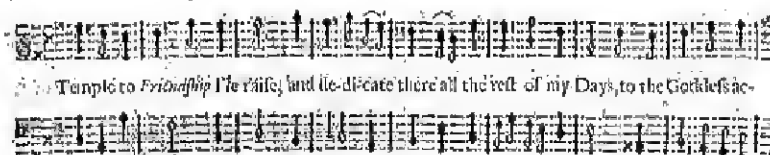
But our *Damon's* Soul's aspires
To a Goddess of his Race;
Though his ties with *Hebe's* Fires,
This his Glories does detain;
The fatal New's soon blown
In Whispers up the Chastest Row;
The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown
Blasts all the Lovers on his Brow.
Swains be wile, and quick Desires
In its soaring, when you'll woo;
Damon may in Love rebel;
Thighs and Lips too, may be
When she's held to a dainty
And could I sit on a Throne,
Like to the shooting of a Star
They fall, and thus their shining's gone.



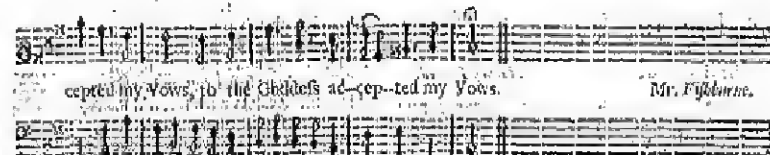
Hough *Fortune* and *Fate* may be Deities still, to those they oblige by their



Pow'r; for my part, they ever have us'd me so ill, they cannot ex-pect I lean-dore; Hereafter a



Temple to *Friendship* I'll raise, and de-dicate there all the rest of my Days, to the Goddess ac-



cepted my Vows, to the Goddess ac-cepted my Vows.

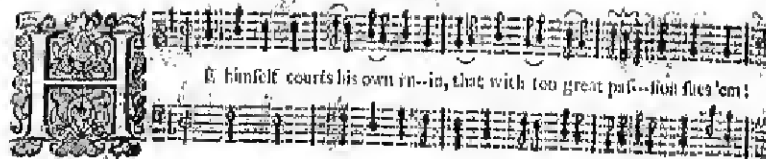
Mr. F. B. B. B.

II.

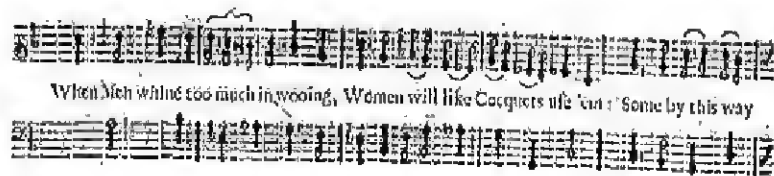
Then perfectest Image of all things divine,
Bright Center of endless Desires,
May the Glory be yours; and the service mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires;
I offer a Heart his Devotion to pure,
I would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

III.

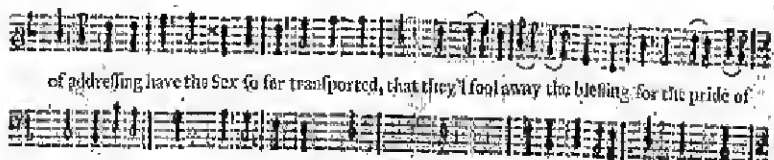
But yet the Goddess of Pooh to despise,
I had I am too much in her pow'r;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wile,
In absence of her I adore;
Love then induces me before I get back,
I still with Resignment receive the Attack,
Of languish away in despair,
Or languish, &c.



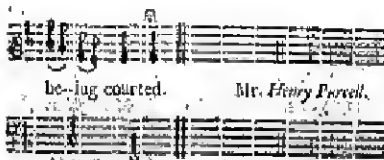
Himself courts his own in-in, that with too great pas-sion flies 'em!



When Men will nee too much in wooing, Women will like Coquets use 'em! Some by this way



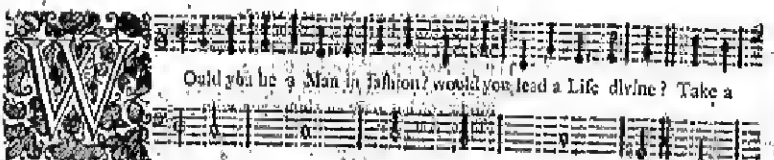
of addressing have the Sex so far transported, that they'll fool away the blessing for the pride of



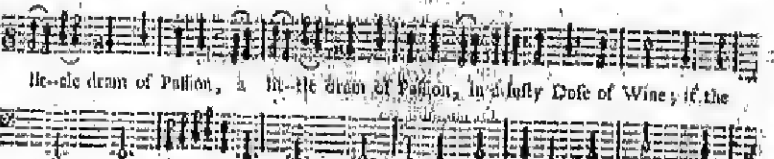
be-ing courted.

Mr. Henry Perrell.

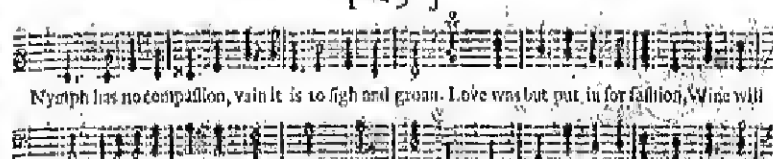
11.
Life and soul when we adore 'em,
While some blockhead buys the Favour,
Presents have more power 've 'em
Than all one lost Love and Labour.
Thus, like Zenobia with her w'd Faces,
We too fooling make the greatest
While we can't long without Graves,
Others they fall to the Creature.



Could you be a Man in Fashion? would you lead a Life divine? Take a



He-ale dream of Passion, a He-ale dream of Passion, in a lusty Dose of Wine; if the

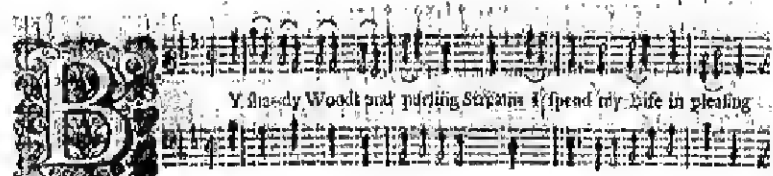


Nymph has no compassion, vain it is to sigh and groan. Love was but put in for fashion, Wine will



do the work a--long.

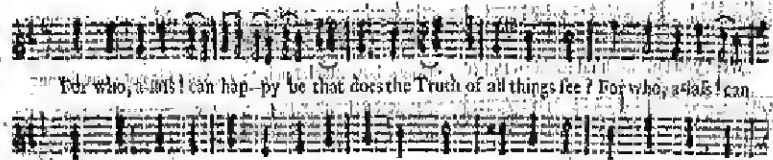
Chor. Part.



Y' steady Wood and perling Streams I spend my life in pleasing



Dreams, and would not for the World be thought to change my selfe do slightful thought:

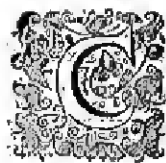


For who, I can hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see? For who, as I can

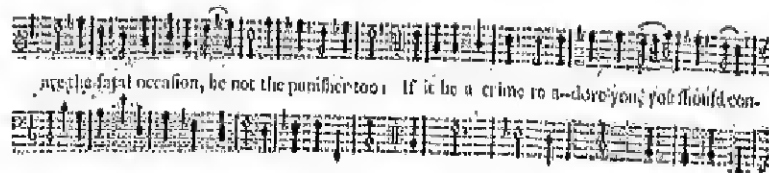


hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see?

Mr. John King.



Canst thou forgive me my passion, since 'twas cre-ated by you, you



at the fatal occasion, be not the punisher too: If it be a crime to a-dore you, you should con-



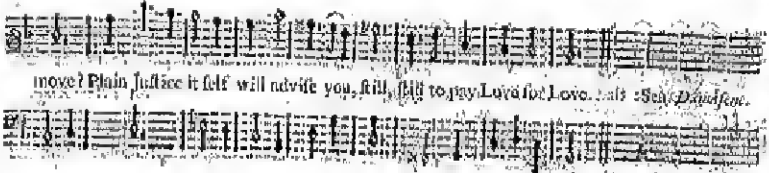
demn to be, since all that do come but be-fore you, needs must of-fer like me. Make not for-



get a stranger, there where such Vir-tue does appear: I should not fear to much dan-ger



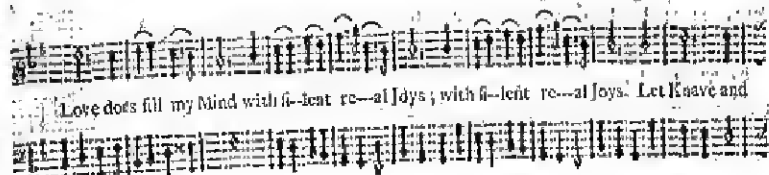
Woe you but as kind as fair: But if you know how much I prize you, would it not your favour



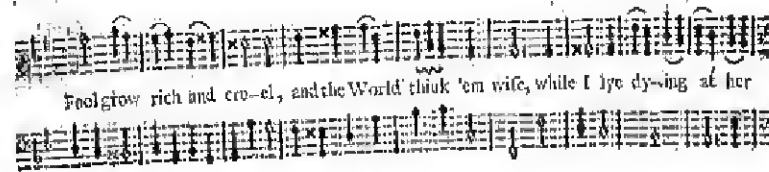
move? Plain Justice it self will advise you, still, still to pay Love for Love. — See David Fox.



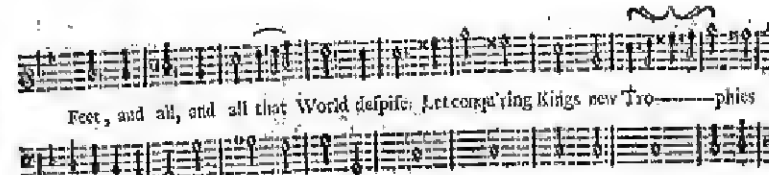
By the Ambitious Pleasure find in Crowds and empty Noise, while gentle



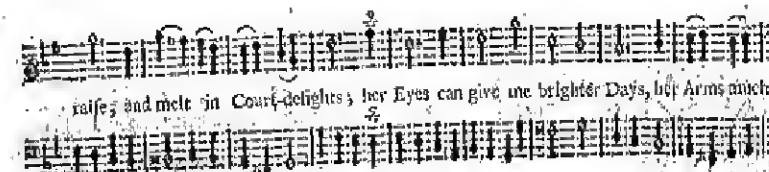
Love does fill my Mind with si-lent re-cre-ations, with si-lent re-cre-ations. Let Raue and



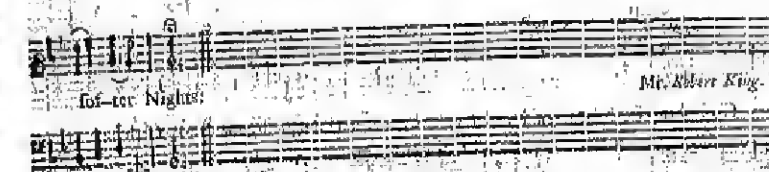
Fool grow rich and cro-el, and the World think 'em wise, while I lye dy-ing at her



Feet, and all, and all that World despise: Let conqu'ring Kings new Tro-phies



raise, and melt in Court-delights; her Eyes can give me brighter Days, her Arms can



for-ter Nights:

Mr. Robert King.



Fair lovely Siren, cease to charm; useless, alas! is all this Art;

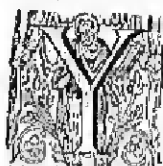
It's needless you should strongly arm, to take a too too willing Heart: I hid my weakness

all I could, and chid my prattling, tell-tale Eyes, for fear the co-sie Conquest should

take from the Va-lue of the Prize.

Sen. Damsel.

11.
But, oh! the unruly Passion grew
So fast, it could not be conceal'd;
And soon alas! I found to you
I must without Conditions yield:
Though you have thus surpris'd my Heart,
Yet use it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To insult o'er a vanquish'd Fo'e.



On hap-py Youths, whose Hearts are free from Love's im-perial

Charm, henceforth be warn'd and taught by me; and taught by me to avoid such charming

pain. Fa-tal the Wolves to trembling Flocks, sharp Winds to Blossoms prove: To

careless Scamen, hid-den Rocks; to humane Quiet, Love.

Sen. Damsel.

11.
Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss your prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
That talk'd quiet more?
The Kind with restless Jealousie,
The Cruel fill with Care;
With baser Falshood these betray,
These kill us with Despair.



How base Fame o'er all the Plain Pe-si-da's Praises rung, and on their oar-ten

Pipes each Swain her matchless Beauty sung; the envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield she

had the sweetest Face: No co-mu-sons disputes were held, but for the second place.

11.
Young Coridon, whose stubborn Heart no Beauty e'er could move,
Ere sent at Cybele's Bow'ning Dance, and pray'd the God of Love,
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first such silent Charms to see,
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd his Curiosity.



What art thou Love? whence are those Charms, that thus thou bear'st a

universal Rule? For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, the King turns Slave, the Wiseman turns

Fool. In vain we chase thee from the field; and with cool thoughts resist thy yoke, next tide of

blood, alas! we yield, and all those high Resolves are broke: Can we're hope thou should'st be

true, whom we have found so often false? e'en then 'd and cheated still we view and fawn upon the

treacherous Face; In vain, in vain, in vain our Nature we accuse, and doat because she says we must

In vain our Nature we excuse, and doat because she says we must: This for a while we can ex-

cuse, whose very soul and life is lost, whose very soul and life, whose very soul and life is lost.

To get our likeness, what's that? Our likeness is but misery, but mi-

ser-y. Why should I toil to propagate another thing as vile, another thing as

vile as Fool as I: From Hands divine our Spirits came, and Gods that made us did inspire

something more noble in our Fronts, above the dregs of earthly Fire: From Hands divine our

Spirits came, and Gods that made us did in-spire something more noble in our frame

above the dregs of earthly Fire.

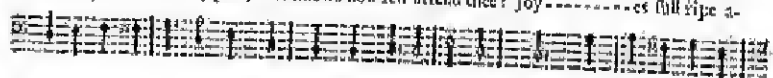
Sen. Raptist



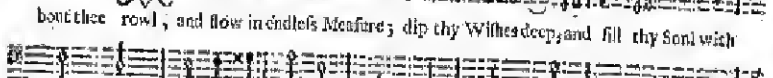
Welcome Mortal to this place, where smiling Fate did send thee, snatch thy



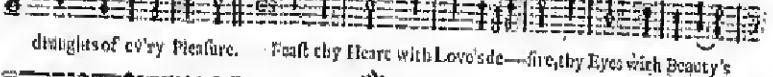
happy Minutes as they pass, who knows how few attend thee? Joy-----es full ripe a-



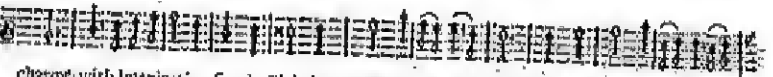
bout thee rowl, and flow in endless Measure; dip thy Withers deep, and fill thy Soul with



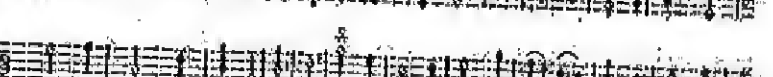
disguises of ev'ry Pleasure. Feast thy Heart with Love's de--fire, thy Eyes with Beauty's



charms, with Intagination fan the Fire, then quench it in thy Arms; for since Life's a slip-sy



Grief; whose sight can't be prevented; treat it whilst it stays here with the best; and then 'twill



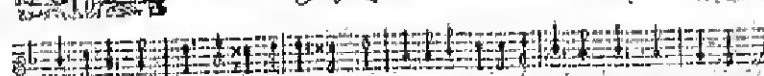
go con--ten--ted.



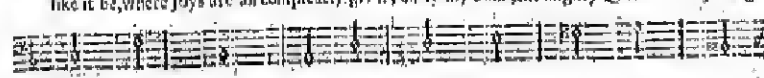
Capl. Packe.



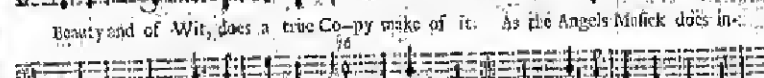
Sweet Resemblance of Heav'n no Man did ever see, nor had a-ny thing



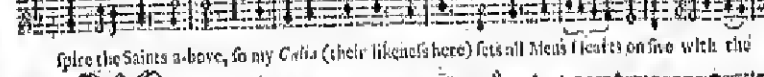
like it be, where Joys are all compleatly giv'n; on-ly my *Celia*, the mighty Queen of conqu'ring



Beauty and of Wit, does a true Co-py make of it. As the Angels Musick does in-



spire the Saints a-bove, so my *Celia* (their likeness here) sets all Mens Hearts on fire with the



flames of Love. The sunny brightness of the *Sun* is but the like-ness of her Eyes;



So wondrous good, so matchless fair and sweet, and all Graces so exactly meet, as if Heav'n



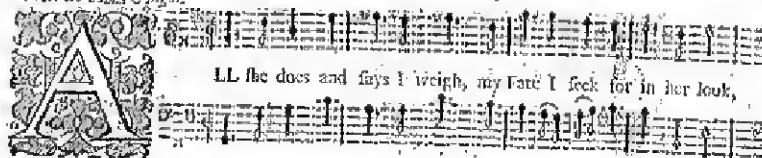
yet were her, or she her self were it.



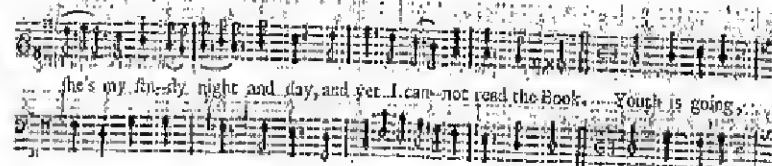
Sen. Dunsford.



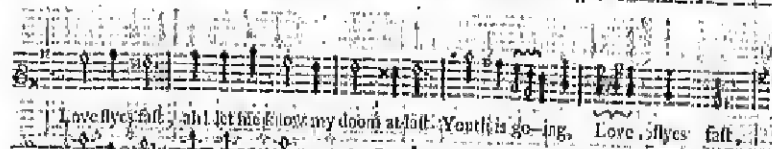
A. 2. For. Canto 2. Part 1.



ALL she does and says I weigh, my Fate I seek for in her look,



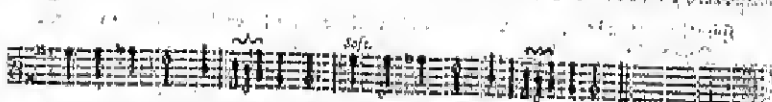
she's my sol-ly night and day, and yet I can not read the Book. Youth is going,



Love flies fast, ah! let me know my doom at last. Youth is go-ing. Love flies fast,



Youth is go-ing, Love flies fast, ah! let me



ah! let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last.



know, let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last. *My youth.*



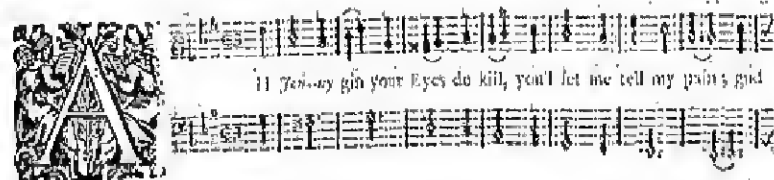
II.
If my Suit can never thrive,
And my pit Chains forgotten lie;
If for you I must not live,
This Hour, this Moment, let me dye:
Give more force to your Disdain,
And put the Wretched out of pain.

III.
But if my Despair must end,
And my true Love rewarded;
If your Heart's my private Friend,
Deny no more your self and me:
Quick to my Embrace run, now 'till I call you to, now may
Heav'n can never come too soon.

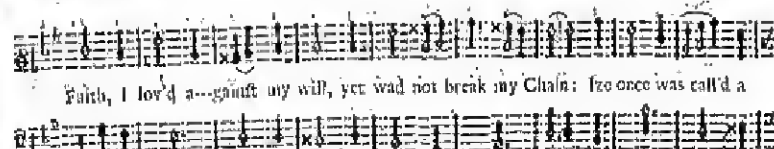
IV.
And now we'll see, like Winter looks
My faded how'ring Eye;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time:
Ere ebb the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the bank they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

V.
And now we'll see, like Winter looks
My faded how'ring Eye;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time:
Ere ebb the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the bank they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

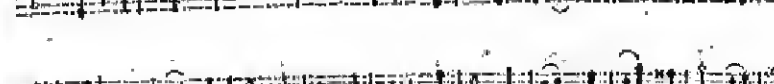
A SONG in the CITY HEIRESES.



II. For my gin your Eyes do kill, you'll let me tell my pain; and



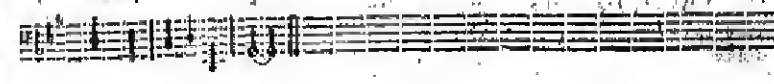
Faith, I lov'd a--gainst my will, yet wad not break my Chain: Izo once was call'd a



bon--ny Lad, 'till that fair Face of yours betray'd the Freedom once I had, and

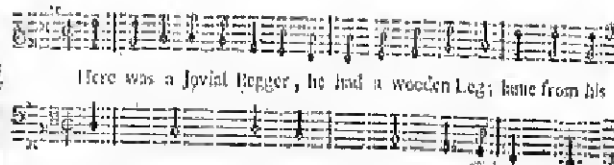


all my bli--ther hours.



II.

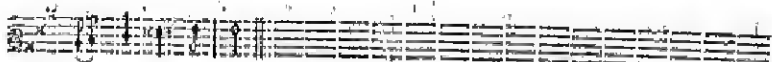
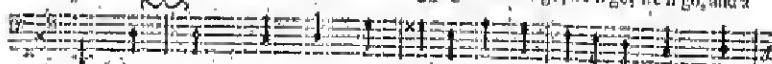
And now we'll see, like Winter looks
My faded how'ring Eye;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time:
Ere ebb the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the bank they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.



Here was a Jovial Begger, he had a wooden Leg; hane from his



Cradle, and forced for to beg; And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go, and a



begging we will go.



II.

A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches
To shew that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

III.

A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his side,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

IV.

To Pimble we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

V.

And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We've a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Lass.
And a begging, &c.

VI.

Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Master WIFE,

He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging, &c.

VII.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him Store of Pelf;
But you now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, &c.

VIII.

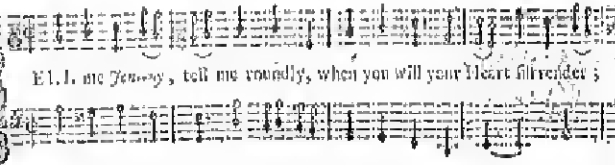
In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

IX.

Of all Occupations,
A Begger livs the best;
For when he is a Whore,
He'll lye him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

X.

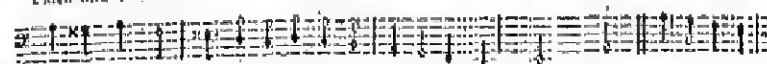
I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggars live so well.
And a begging, &c.



E.I.I. me Jenny, tell me roundly, when you will your Heart surrender;



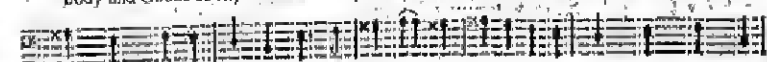
Faith and Troth I love thee soundly, 'twas I that was the first pretender. Ne're say nay,



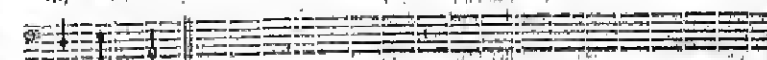
nor de-lay, here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too; all that's mine, shall be thine,



Body and Goods at thy command too; all that's mine, shall be thine, Do-dy and Goodnight



thy command too.



II.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth Jenny,
Have you promis'd to be true for
Eyc I I think the Devils in you,
To kiss a body so as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doings.
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Eyc! is this your way of Wooing!



WY am I the hu-ma-ni-ty Creature, must a ra-vi-n'd Love pursue;

o-ther Passions yield to Nature, mine there's nothing can subdue. Not the Glor-ry

of Pos-sess-ing Monarchs wishes gave me ease, more and more the mighty Blessings

Did my raging Pains encrease.

Mr. Fiddlers,

II.

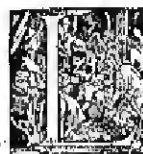
Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
Though it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monster would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Absence neither;
Nor Despair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments still remain.

III.

Had alone her matchless Beauty
Set my amorous Heart on fire,
Age at last would do its duty,
Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
But her Mind immortal grows;
Makes my Love immortal too;
Nature ne'er created Vices;
Can the Charms of Souls undo.

IV.

And to make my Loss the greater,
She Jampens it as her own;
Could she scold me, I might hate her;
But alas! she shews me none.
Then since Fortune is my Ruine,
In Retirement I'll complain;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Power again.



LAr-in-da, who did love disdain, for whom had languish'd many a Swain;

leading her bleating Flocks to drink, she spy'd up-on a Rivers brink, a Youth, whose Eyes did

well declare, how much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

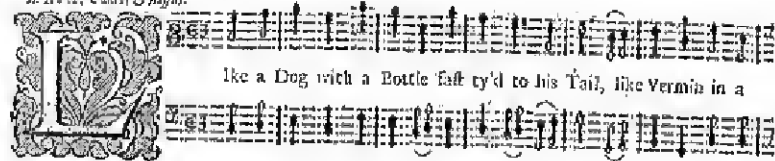
II.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which soon it lessen'd to a smile;
Thence to surpris and wonder came,
Her Breath to leave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd she out, Ah! now I prove
Thou art a God, most mighty Jove.

III.

She would have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Jove, alas! had left her none:
Ah! now she burns! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.

A. 2. 1/2. Canon & Bass.



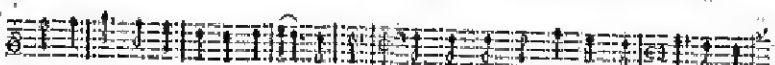
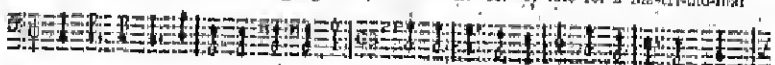
like a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail, like Vermin in a



Trap, or a Thief in a Jayl, or like a To--ry in a Bog, or an Ape with a Clog:



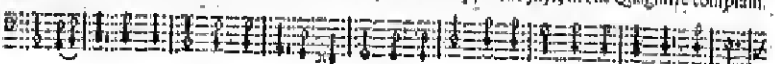
Such is the Man, who when he might go free, does his Li--ber--ty lose for a Ma--tri--mo--nial



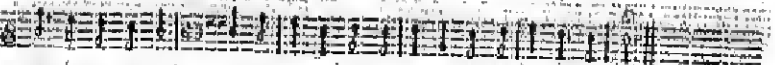
Noose, and sells himself in--to Cap--ti--vi--ty. The Dog he does howl when the Bot--tle does



jog; the Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain, of the Trap, of the Jayl, of the Quagmire complain.



But well fare poor Pug, for he Ply--es with his Clog: And tho' he would be rid on't

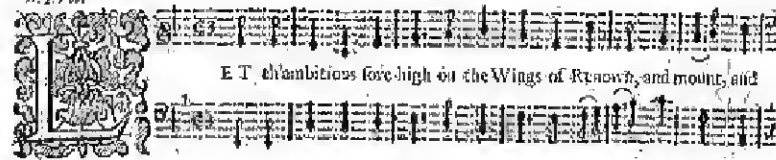


rather than his Life: yet he hugs it, and he hugs it, as a Man would his Wife.

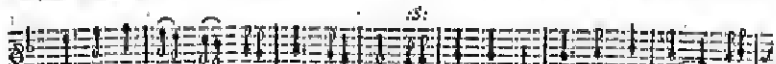


Mr. Tho. Stifford.

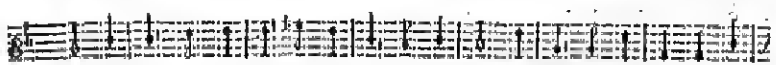
A. 2. 1/2. 1/2.



E T. ambitious fore high on the Wings of Reason, and mount, and



mount, like blind Birds, to come tumbling down: Let Lover's pale Face his sick Fortune de-



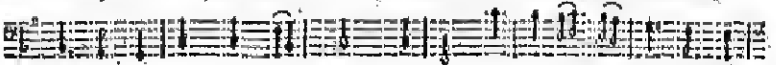
clare, let Trai--to--rous Statesmen the Rabble ensnare, Wine's all my Ambition, my



Love, and my Care. In Brimmers each Man shall drink Loy--al--ty round, till his Fancy's, his



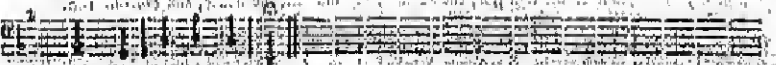
Fan--cy's Feh' Air, and him--self on the Ground. Our Harts down be--fore us for

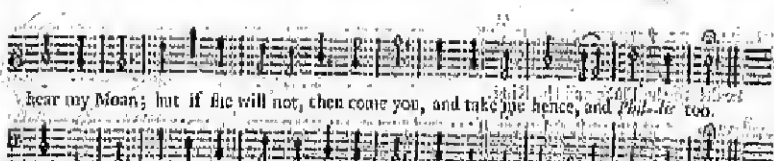
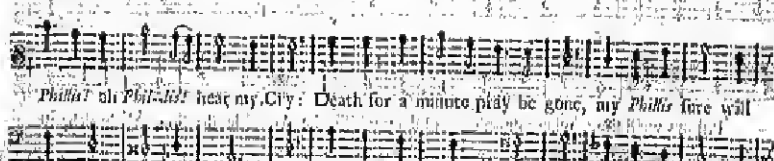
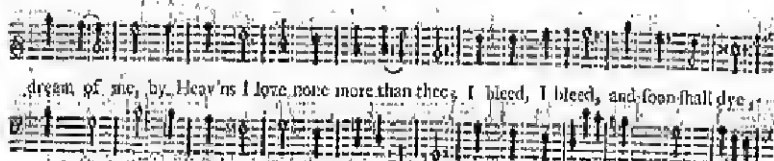
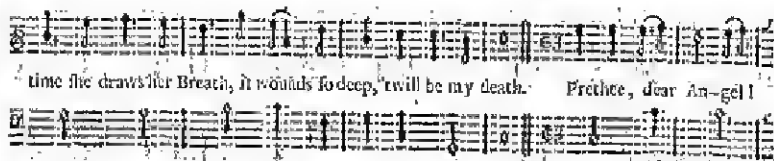
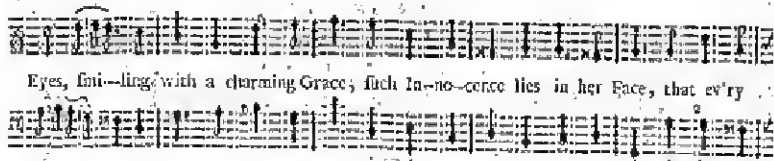
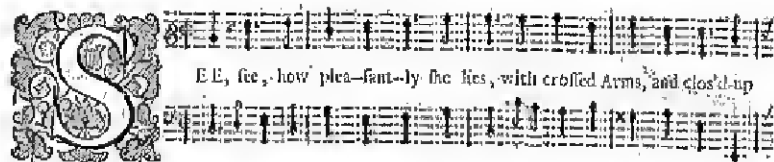


Pillows we'll sing, where Pa--nics shall sleep whilst the A--ble do sing. All health, all

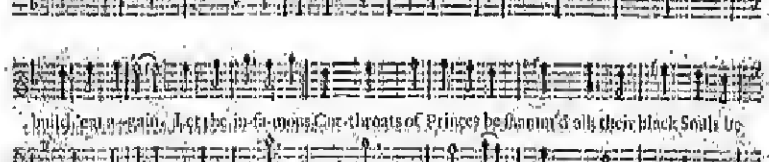
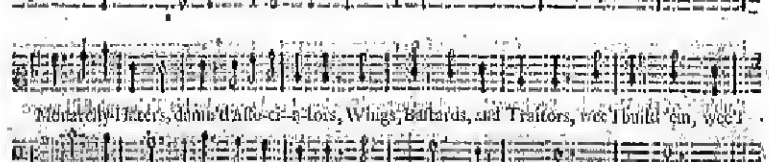
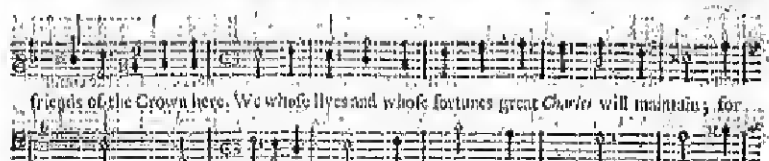
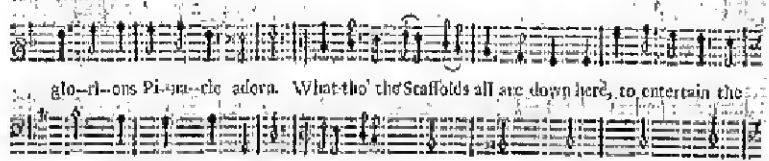
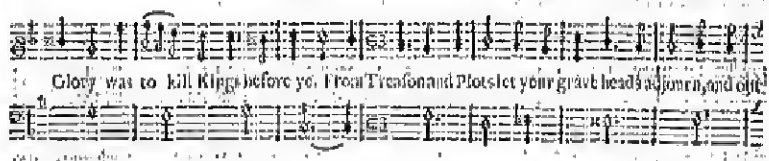
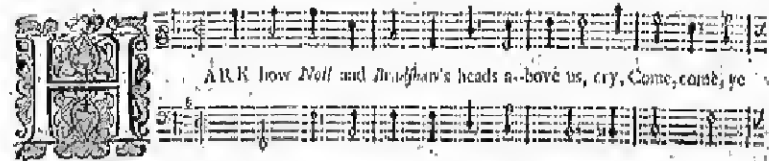


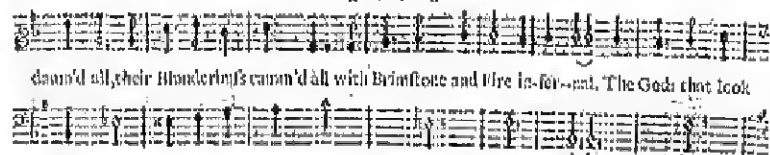
health to the Duke and the King.



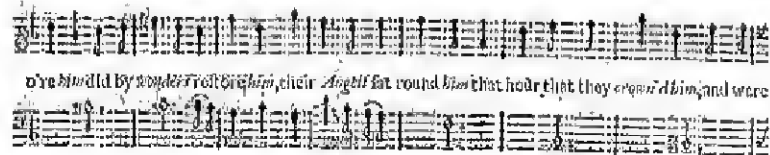


A new LOYAL SONG, made and compos'd to Musick, and sung At the great Feast of the Loyal Gentry of the City of Westminster, in Westminster-Hall, Thursday July 19. 1683.

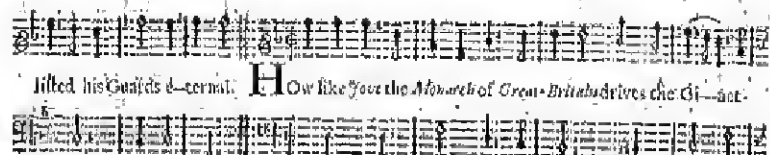




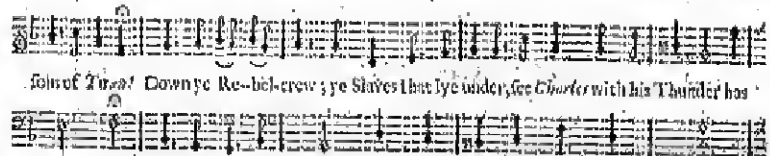
damn'd all, their Thunderbolts canm'd all with Brimstone and Fire in-fer-nal, The Gods that look



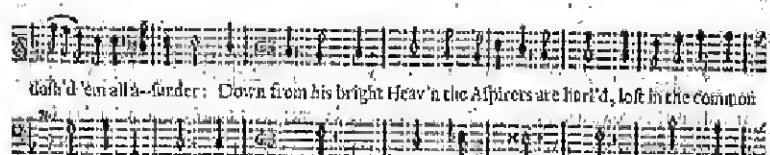
o're should by wonder Tost Sirhan, their Angels sat round him that hour that they crown'd him, and were



lifted his Guards e-ternal. **H**ow like you the March of Great-Britain drives the Gi-ant-



son of Time! Down ye Re-bel-crow; ye Slaves that lye under, see Charles with his Thunder has



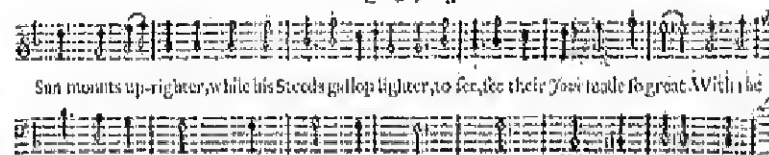
dash'd 'em all a-sunder: Down from his bright Heav'n the Aspirers are hur'd, lost in the common



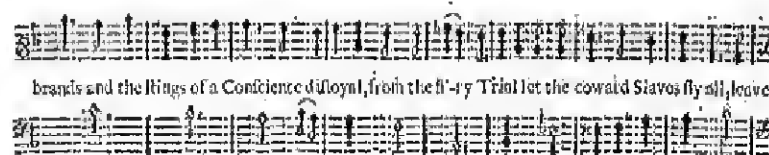
Rubbish of the World. See how the God returns victorious! and to make his Triumph still more



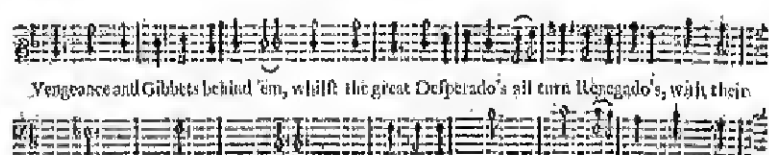
glorious, see the whole Host of Heav'n in the proud Conqueror meet! The Stars burn all brighter, the



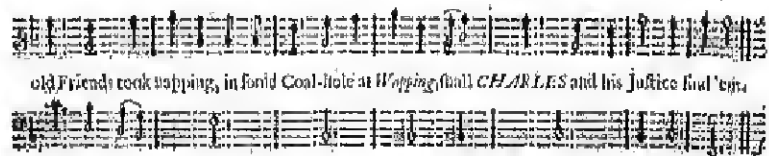
Sun mounts up-righter, while his steeds gallop lighter, to see their Jostle so great. With the



branks and the Rings of a Conscience disloyal, from the fiery Trial let the coward Siavos fly all, leave



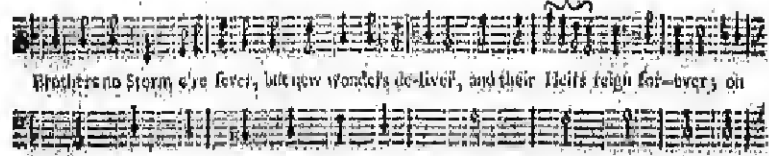
Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em, whilst the great Desperado's all turn Renegado's, with their



old Friends took wapping, in solid Coal-hole at Wapping, shall CHARLES and his Justice find 'em,



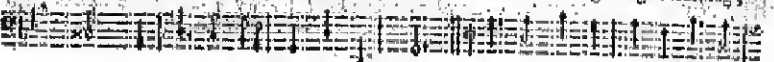
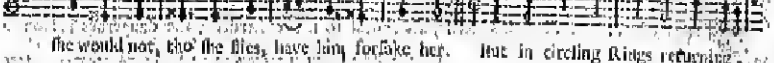
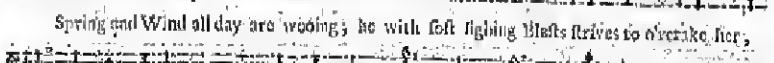
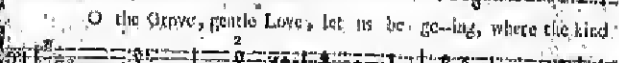
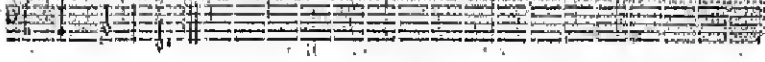
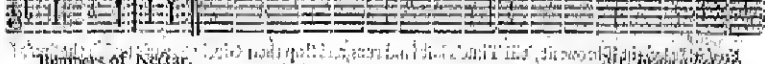
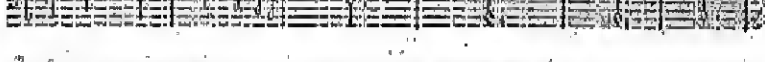
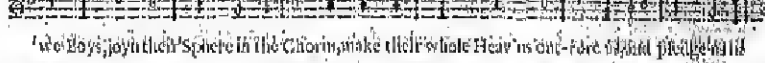
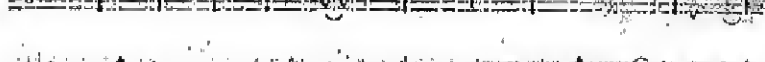
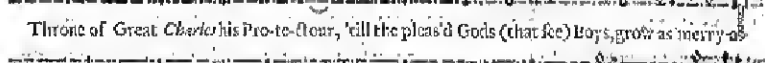
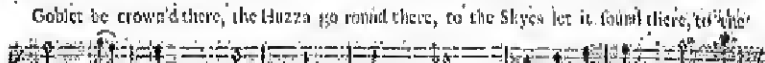
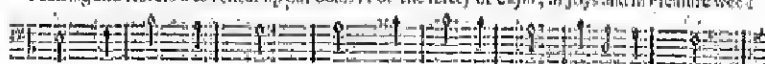
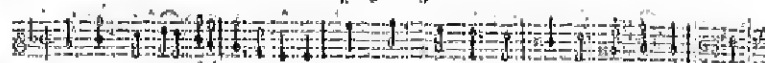
Let the Malice of fanatick Roundhead, hatch'd in Hell, be still confounded! May the Roy-
al



Brothers no Storm e'er sever, but now wonder's de-liver, and their Hell's reign for-ever, on

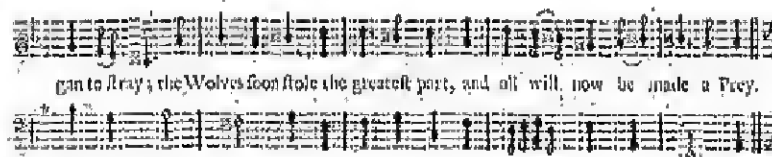


England's bright Throne sit, 'till Time's last land-luns, and stop their Gibbets' Char'ot with the Sun's!

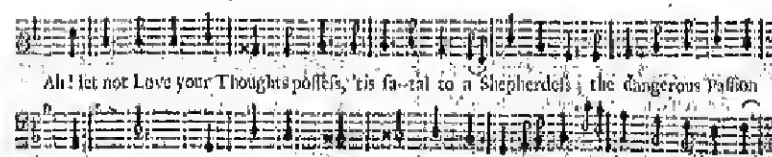




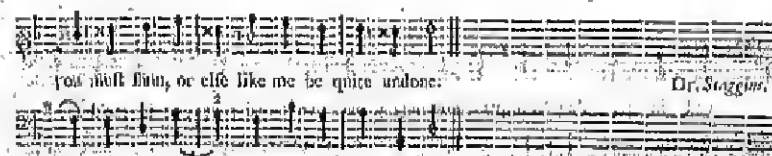
Then first *Amabile* charm'd my Heart, the heedless Sheep be-



gan to stray; the Wolves soon stole the greatest part, and all will now be made a Prey.

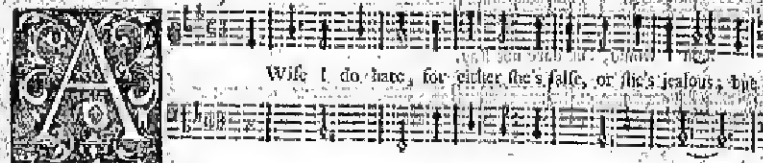


Ah! let not Love your Thoughts possess, 'tis sa-ral to a Shepherdess; the dangerous Passion

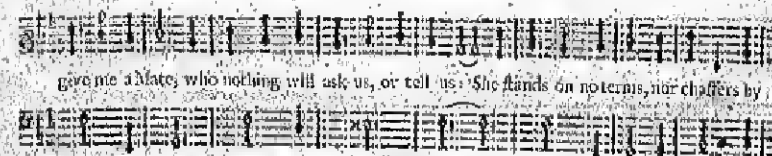


you must ruin, or else like me be quite undone.

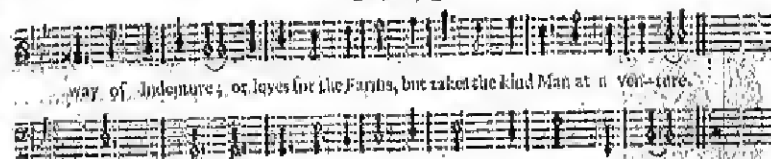
Dr. Sings.



Wife I do hate, for either she's false, or she's jealous; but



gave me a Mate, who nothing will ask us, or tell us: She stands on no terms, nor chafers by

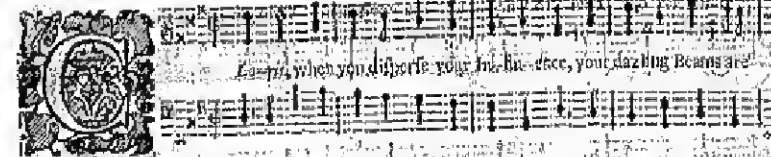


way of Indenture; or loves for the Fairies, but takes the kind Man at a ven-er-er.

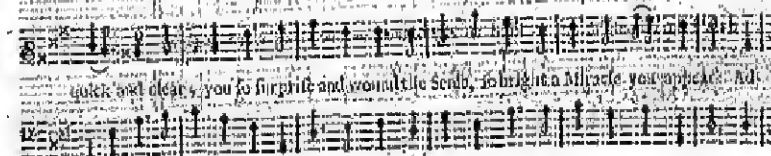
Mr. Paken Humphrey.

11.

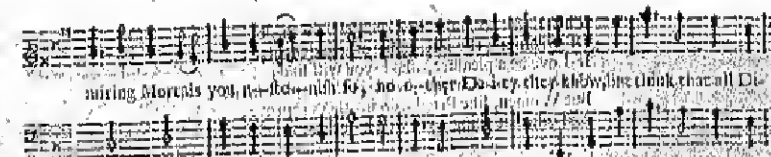
If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd the next morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brags can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.



Keep, when you divorce your fair face, your dazzling Beams are

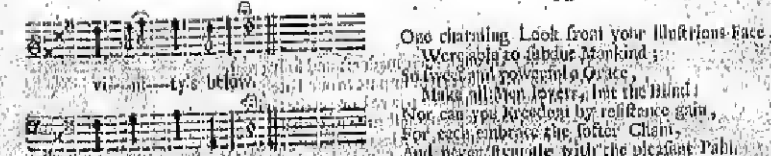


quick and clear, you so surpris'd and wound the Scribe, to bring it a Miracle you appear. Ad.



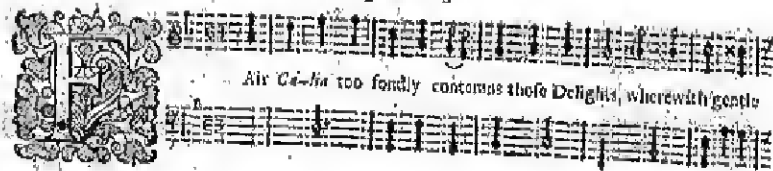
mirring Mortals you re-duc'd to, no o-ther Do say they know, but think that all Di-

11.

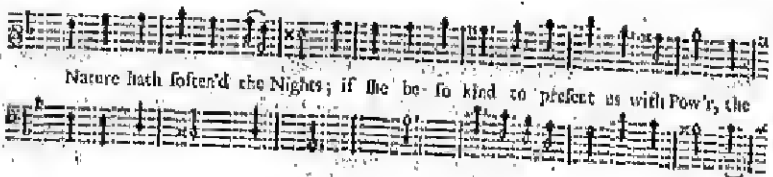


One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind;
To dress and to undress a Grace,
Makes all Men lovers, but the Blind!
Nor can you be content by resistance gain,
For each embraces the softer Chain,
And never stands with the pleasant Pain.

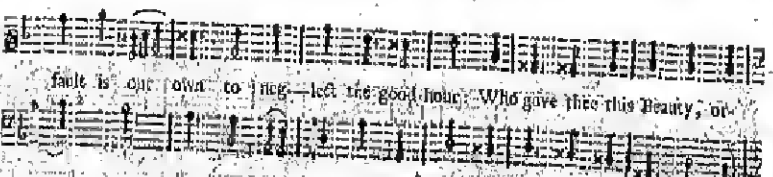
L. 2



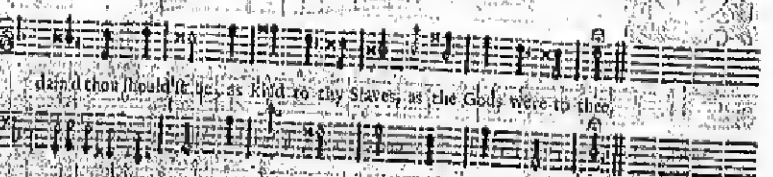
Alas! too fondly contemns these Delights, wherewith gentle



Nature hath foster'd the Nights; if she be so kind to present us with Pow'r, the



fault is our own to neg-lect the good hour: Who gave thee this Beauty, or



darest thou should be ye, as kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee.

11.

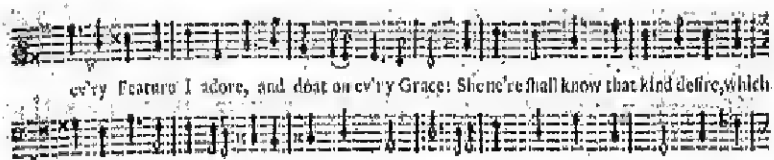
Then Celia no longer reserve the Vain Bride,
Of wronging thy self, to lose others de-lyd;
If Love be a pleasure, alas! you will find,
We both are not happy, when both are most kind;
One Woman, like Priests, do in others reprove,
And call that thing Love, which in them is but Love.

112.

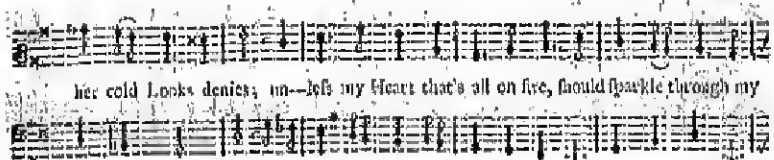
What they through their madness and folly create,
We poor silly Slaves, still impute to our Fate;
But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,
The more Heaven must give us Relief;
Then away with those Titles of Honour and Care,
Which bind us in by the Law of Love.



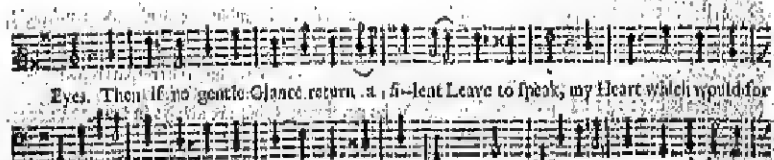
Lik'd, but never lov'd, be-fore I saw that charming face; now



every Feature I adore, and doat on every Grace: Should'st thou know that kind desire, which



her cold Looks denies; un-less my Heart that's all on fire, should sparkle through my

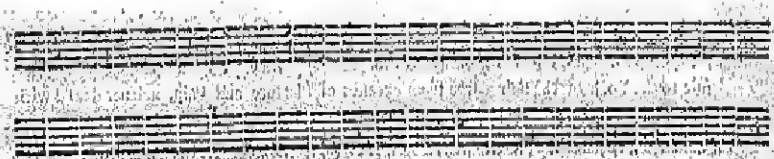


Eyes. Then if no gentle Glance return, a silent Leave to speak, my Heart which would for

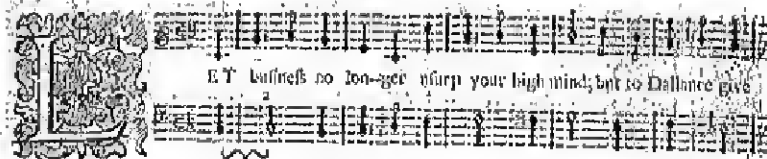


ever burn, alas! must sigh and break.

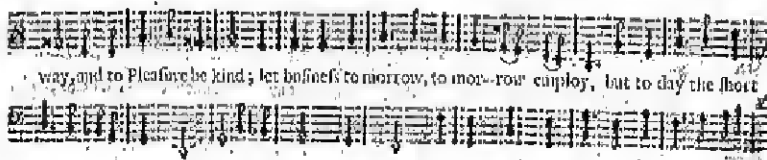
Mr. William Turner.



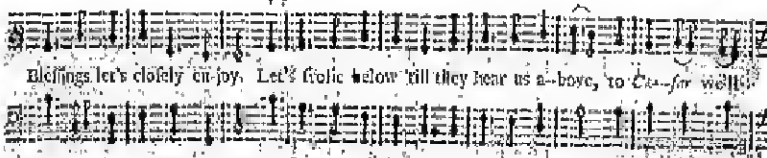
M



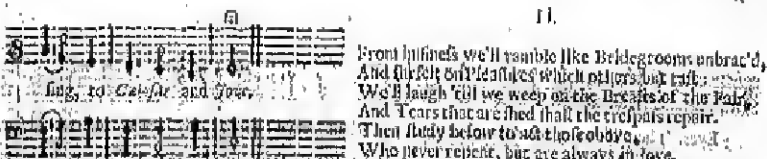
LET business no longer usurp your high mind; but to dalliance give



way, and to pleasure be kind; let business to-morrow, to morrow employ, but to-day the short



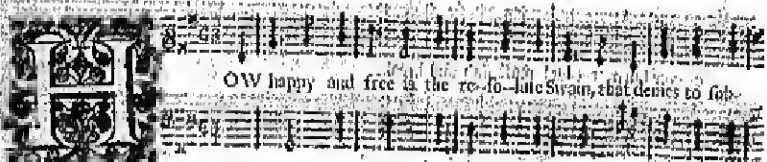
blessings let's closely enjoy. Let's stoll below till they hear us a-bove, to *Cae*-for well.



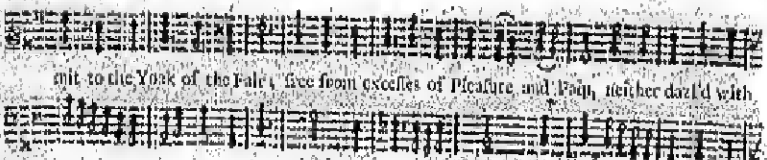
ing, to *Cae*-for and over.

From business we'll ramble like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And seek out pleasures which others but taste;
We'll laugh till we weep on the breasts of the Fair;
And Tears that are shed shall the trespass repair.
Then study below to act those obdurate,
Who never repent, but are always in love.

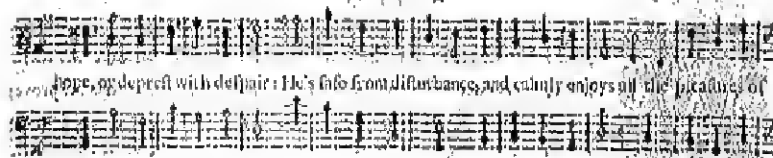
Dr. Shadwell.



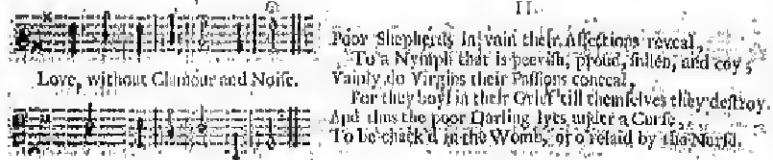
OW happy and free is the re-so-lute Siran, that denies to sub-



mit to the Yoke of the Fair; free from excels of Pleasure and Pain, neither dazl'd with



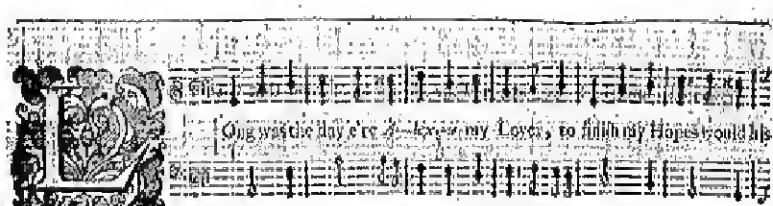
hope, or depress with despair: He's safe from disturbance, and calmly enjoys all the pleasures of



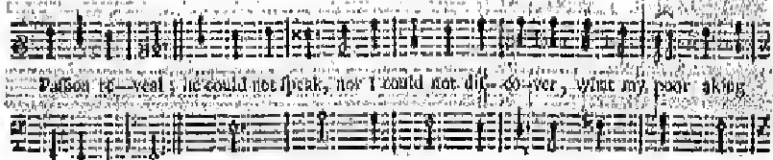
Love, without Glorious and Noise.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, sullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,
For they bow in their Grind till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lies under a Curse,
To be chack'd in the Womb, or o'ersaid by the Nurse.

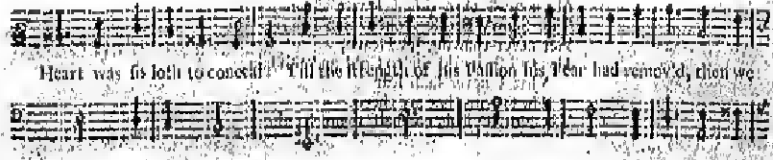
Mr. Richard Croome.



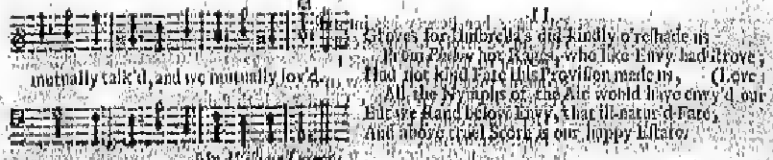
ong was the day's re-joyce, my Love, to fulfil my Hopes, would his



Patron re-veal; he could not speak, nor I could not dis- cover, what my poor aching

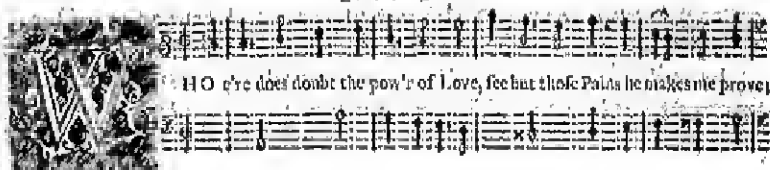


Heart was fit both to conceal: Till the strength of his Passion his Fear had remov'd, then we

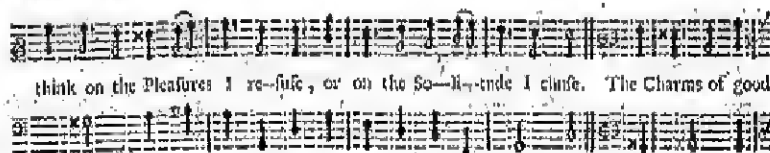


And loves for Ambrosia did kindly o'rehede us
From Phoebe's Rages, who like Envy had ill love;
Had not kind Fate this Provision made us, (Love)
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate,
And above that seek a our happy Estate.

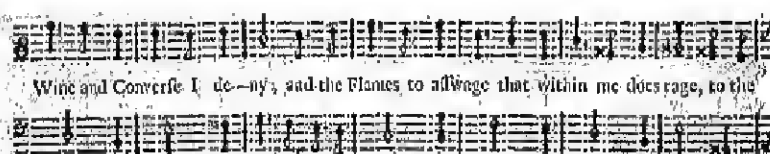
Mr. Richard Croome.



HO e're does doubt the pow'r of Love, see but those Pains he makes me prove,



think on the Pleasures I re-sist, or on the So-ll-itude I chuse. The Charms of good



Wine and Converse I de-niy, and the Flames to allvage that within me does rage, to the



North for Re-lief I must fly.

II.

That vigorous Climate shall I find
More mild than this I leave behind;
The Snowy Brest from which I part,
Her never-thawing Icy Heart,
Has still so injur'd me to Cold and Dismay,
That I never shall fear
The Storms that are there,
The North yields not half so much pain.

III.

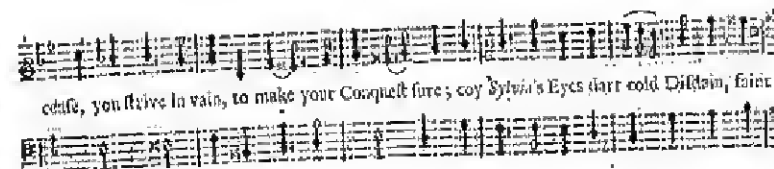
But since her Beauty has impress'd
Her Image firmly in my Brest,
Tis vain to leave her, unless I
From my own self know how to fly.
Yet since in the West she her Thousands hath gain'd,
Her Empire shall be
Enlarged by me,
In the North *Dorothy* shall Reign.



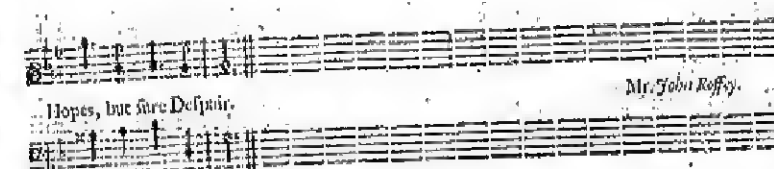
T Syl-via's feet ybng Strephon lay, whilst with a Scornful



Pride, the view'd the hum-ble a-mo-rous Boy, and did his Fate deride: Ah Strephon!



chase, you strive in vain, to make your Conquest sure; coy Sylvia's Eyes start cold Disdain, whilst



Hopes, but sure Despair.

Mr. John Roffey.

Tears lose their Virtue, when address'd,
To thaw her frozen Heart;
Tears dropp'd on Sylvia's Icy Brest,
To Crystal Routs convert.

Then gentle Strephon seek no more,
What thou shalt never find;
Thy senseless Passion give o'er,
And love a Nymph more kind.

One that shall all thy Joys complement,
And Happiness secure;
When both with equal Flame shall meet,
Such noble Loves endure.

[Sing these four
Lines to the
later part of
the Tune.]

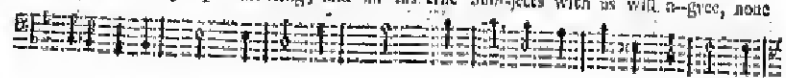
A LOYAL Song.



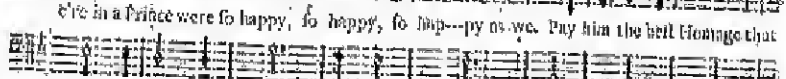
Like Quire of Angels we'll Loy-ally sing, whil'st Heav'n loves the



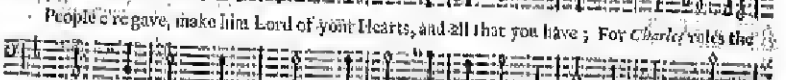
Musick; God prosper the King; and all his true Sub-jects with us will a-gree, none



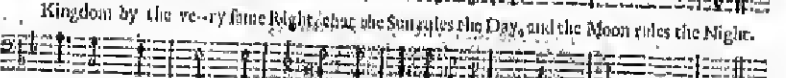
e're in a Prince were so happy, so happy, so hap-py as we. Pay him the best Homage that



People e're gave, make him Lord of your Hearts, and all that you have; For *Charles* rules the



Kingdom by the ve-ry same Right, that the Sun rules the Day, and the Moon rides the Night.



Mr. Francis Forster.

Phanatics be dam'd, who Succession out-face,
And tell us, Dominion is founded in Grace;
With *Julius* and *Piso*, and all their Decrees,
Who set up new Princes when ever they please:
But long live the King, for to triumph o'er them,
Who the Seat of the Crown or Land do oppose;
And who your great Monarch to Heav'n first begot,
May the right full Successor then sit on his Throne.

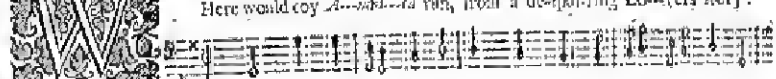
When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forsook,
And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke;
The Stars in their Courses appear'd for the Crown,
And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town:

And tho' *Whigs* in Cabals do daily combine,
Tho' *Whigs* of the Air will reveal the design,
And joyful Succession just Heav'n shall secure,
As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.
Hence the People, when Heav'n does Esponse,
The Cause of the King, and establish his House;
No Cause of Phanatics, or Commonwealth Zeal,
Can ever prevail by a Whiggish Appeal:
But *Charles* must for ever the Scepter command,
Which the Powers above have repos'd in his hand;
And we unto Heav'n will our Gratitude pay, (day,
And make his whole Reign a long Thanksgiving.

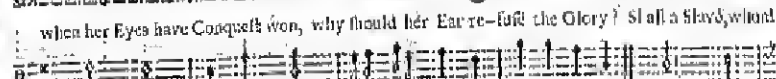
A new Song in the late reviv'd Play, call'd, Valencian.



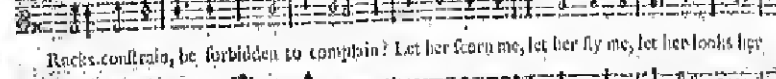
Here would coy *A-ski-a* run, from a de-spi-ring Lo-vers story?



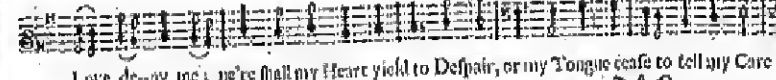
when her Eyes have Conquest won, why should her Ear re-fuse the Glory? Shall a Slave, whil



Racks constrain, be forbidden to complain? Let her scorn me, let her fly me, let her look her



Love de-ny me; ne're shall my Heart yield to Despair, or my Tongue cease to tell my Care;



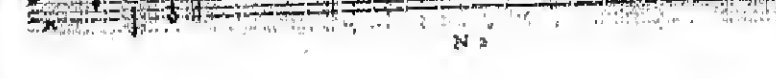
or my Tongue cease to tell my Care. Much to love, and much to pray, is to Heav'n the



on-ly way.

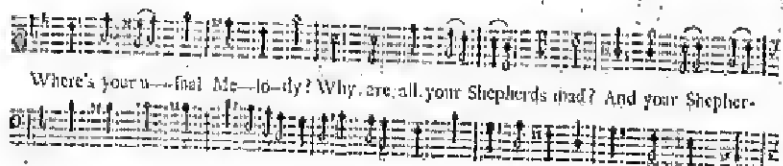


on-ly way.

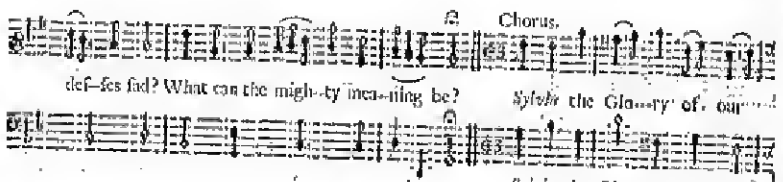




ELL me ye *Shepherds*, why this morn-ing 'o' ye your Plains?

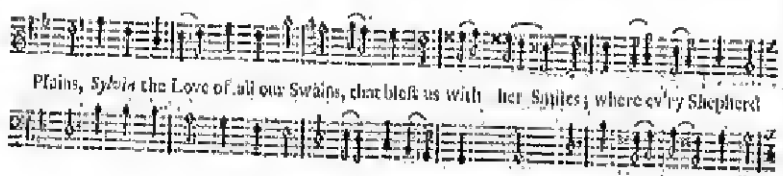


Where's your u—nal Me—lo—dy? Why are all your Shepherds mad? And your Shepher-



des—ses sad? What can the migh—ty inea—ning be? *Sylva the Glo—ry of our*

Sylva the Glo—ry, &c.



Plains, *Sylva* the Love of all our Swains, that blest us with her Sighs; where ev'ry Shepherd



had a Heart; and ev'—ry Shep—her—dels' a part, Sights our Gods; and

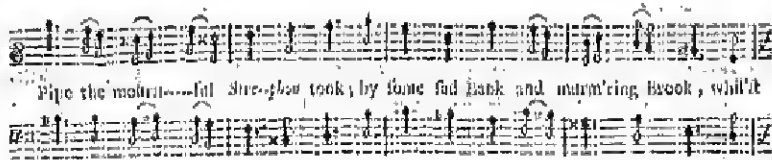


leaves our Life, Sights our Gods, and leaves our Mo.

And the *Chorus* *1871*



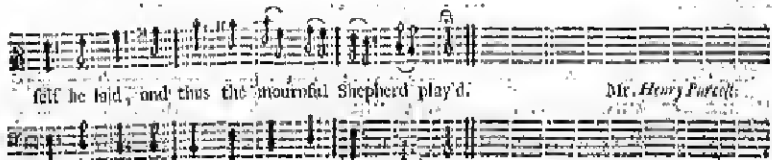
How gay *Philander* left the Plain, tho' love, the life of ev'—ry Swain, his



Pipe the morn—tal *Sylva* took, by some sad bank and morn'ring Brook, whilst



list'ning Flocks forsook their Food, and me—lan—cho—ly by him stood; on the cold ground him



felt he laid, and thus the mournful Shepherd play'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell

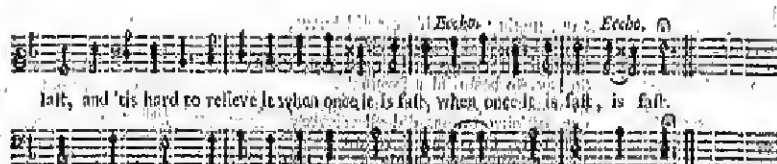
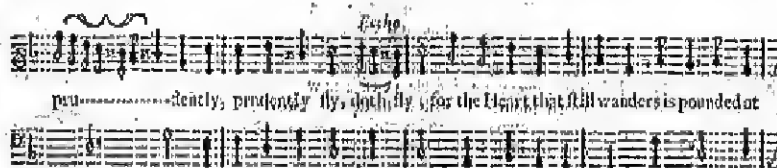
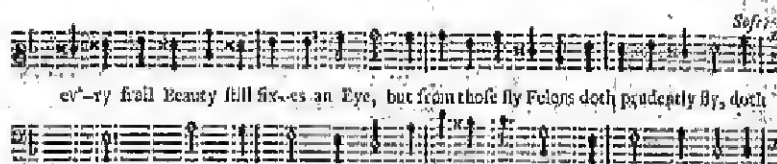
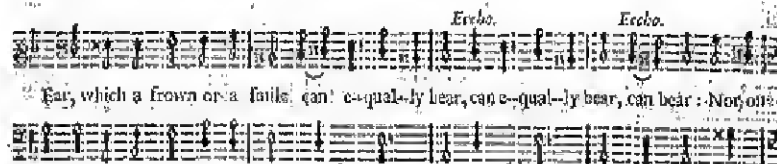
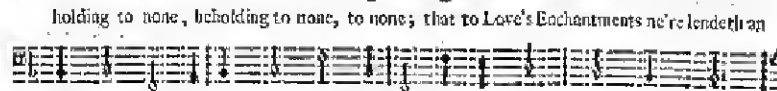
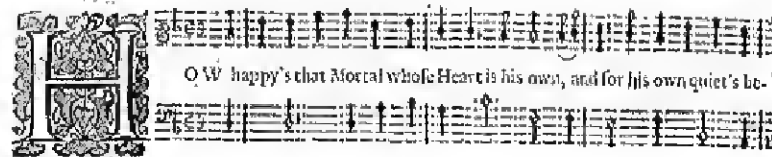
II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Light and chearing Day;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
'Till the lost Youth return again:
Then every pensive Heart that now
Wich mournful Willow shades his Brow,
Shall crown'd with cheerful Garland's sing,
And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

III.

Say, mighty *Phil*, if you did know,
Say, all ye loyal Gods below,
Might all Youth's that grac'd your Plain,
So gay, in beautiful a Swain,
In whole Sweet Air and charming Voice,
One list'ning Swain did all rejoyce;
Him only, O ye Gods, restore,
Your Symphon and Shepherds ask no more.

Against LOVE.



Mr. Tho. Kingley.

11.

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow strong;
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate, (get;
And bewails these Misfortunes himself did create:
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
And all the day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair:
Like a Fly in the Candle he sports, and he games,
'Till, a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.

111.

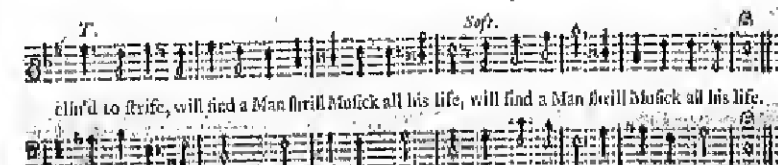
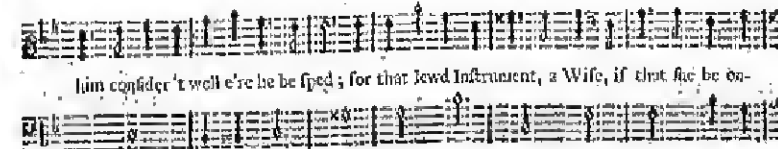
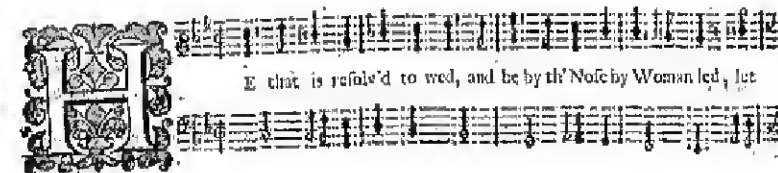
if Love, so much talk'd of, a Heresy be,
Of all it enslaves, few true Converts we see;
If bettering and huffing would once do the feat,
There's few that would fail of a Victory complete:

But with Gals to come o't, and the Tyrant subdue,
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few:
How easie is Freedom once had to maintain;
But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

1V.

This driv'ling and sniv'ling, and chiming in parts,
This whining and pining, and breaking of Hearts;
All plaintive and silent in corners to sit,
Are pretty fine Palliases for those that want wit:
When this Passion in fashion doth so far abuse 'em,
It were good the State should for Penitents use 'em:
For if Reason it seise on, and make it give o'er,
No labour can save, or relieve 't any more.

ON MARRIAGE.



Mr. Tho. Kingley.

11.

If he approach her when she's next,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we see,
Two dissenting Genders can't agree,
Nor without Solecisms connected be.

111.

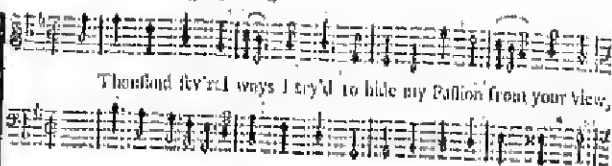
Yet this by none can be denied,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,

Is a good School, in which Men's Virtues are bred;
And this convenience Womankind brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a sight of 's Sin.

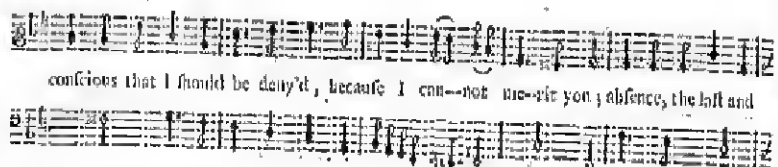
1V.

If he by chance offend the least,
His Penance shall be well increas'd;
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast;
And when's Confession he is framing,
She will not fail to make a Examen,
He has nothing else to do, but to say Amen.

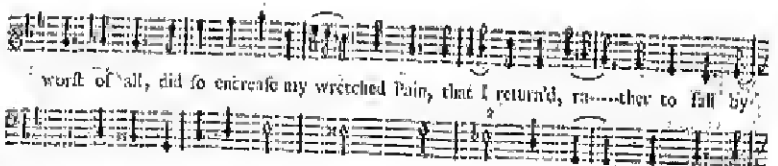
Q 2



Thousand try'd ways I try'd to hide my Passion from your view,



conscious that I should be deny'd, because I cannot meet you in absence, the last and

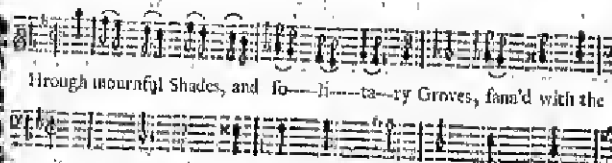


worst of all, did so increase my wretched Pain, that I return'd, rather to fall by

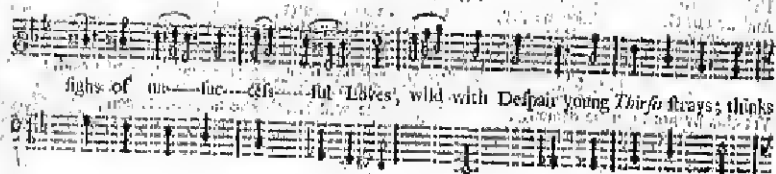


the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Disdain.

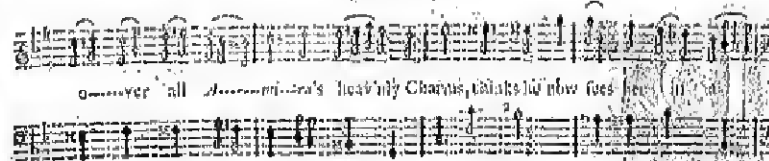
Mr. Henry Purcell.



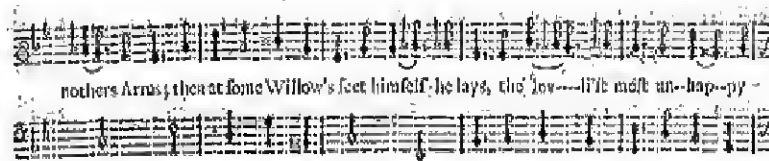
Through mournful Shades, and solitary Groves, fam'd with the



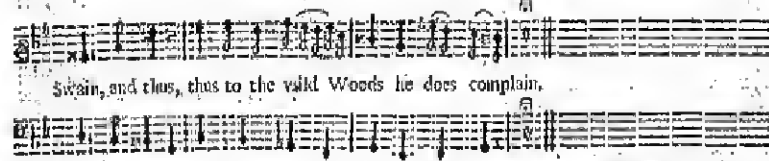
sighs of me—luc—ful Lovers, wild with Despair young *Thirsi* strays; thinks



o—ver all *Thirsi's* heavenly Charms, thinks how now goes her



nothers Arms; then at some Willow's feet himself, he lays, the lov—litt most un-hap-py



Swain, and thus, thus to the wild Woods he does complain,

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thirsi*! since the time
That thou could'st love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight
As through her shady Evening Walk she pass'd,
And a bright Day did all around her cast,
Could see (not be offended at the sight)
The fighting, melting, wishing Swain,
That now must never dare to wish again.

III.

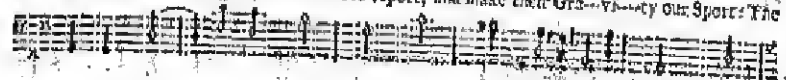
Riches and Titles, why should they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?
Lovely *Thirsi*! could'st thou prize
The empty Noile that a fine Trick makes,
Or the vile Truth that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that sighs for thee, and dies?
Be not unkind, but pity the poor Swain,
Your Rigour kills, not triumph o're the Slain.



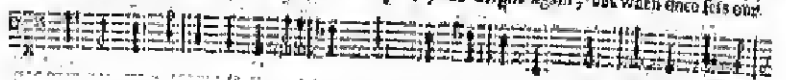
ET us, kind Let—bia! give a way in love Em—bra—ces



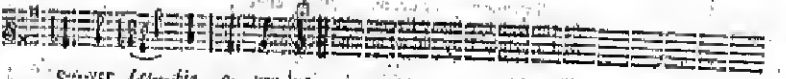
all the day; we'll laugh at what the Old report, and make their Gra—vi—ty our Sport: The



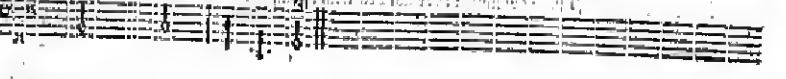
Sun sets ev'ry night, and can rise ev'ry day as bright again; But when once his own



smallest Light, we then shall find it always Night; dissolv'd in Sleep, both thou and I must



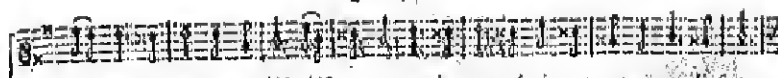
ever Let—bia, ever let—bia



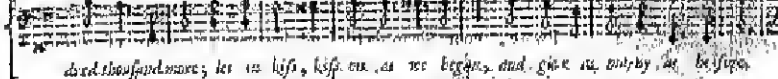
Chorus
I'll let us kiss, then let us kiss and kiss again, and give a hundred, hun-



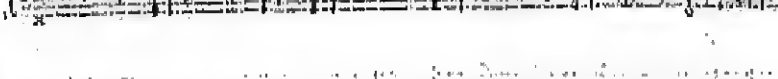
I'll let us kiss, let us kiss, let us kiss again, and give a hundred, hun-



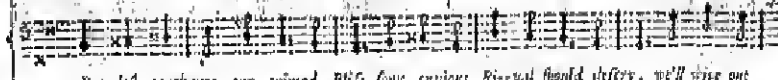
dead thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give us, many, as be fore



dead thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give us, many, as be fore



But left perchance our printed Bliss from ev'ry Ri—val should desert, we'll wipe out



But left perchance our printed Bliss from ev'ry Ri—val should desert, we'll wipe out



all with one more kiss, and so, so de—ceive his jea—lous Eye, and so, so deceive



all with one more kiss, and so, so de—ceive his jea—lous Eye, and so, so deceive



his jea—lous Eye. *Mr. Henry Purcell.*



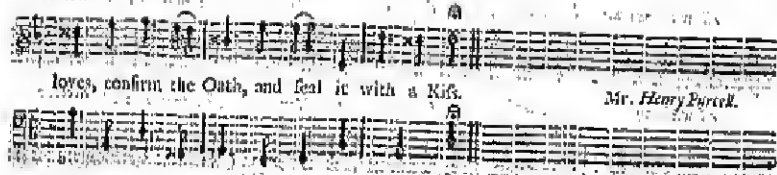
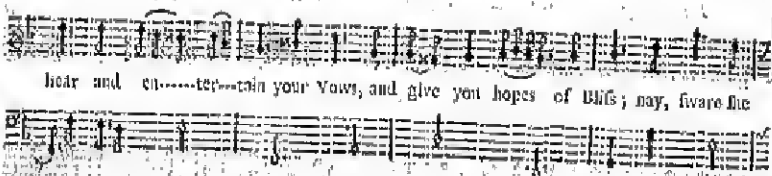
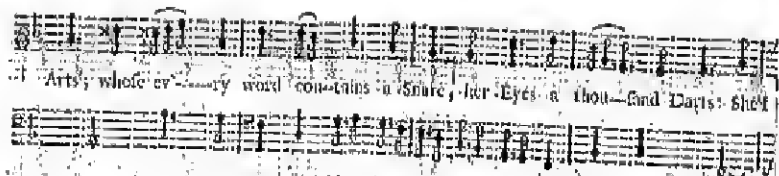
his jea—lous Eye.



The CAUTION.

B

Eware, poor Shep-herds! all be-ware, be-ware of Lilla's



Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

But when the woful circumstances
Proclaim the Conquest mine,
Too late you'll curse the fatal Chance,
Too soon the self-chance;
I that once thought my self her Care,
Now hopeleſs muſt complain;
Learn therefore, learn to ſhun the Snare,
By thinking on my Pain.

A Dialogue between PHILANDER and the Echo.

Philander.

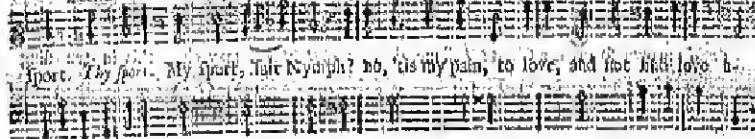
S

tay, stay, gen-tle Echo; dear Nymph! stay, with Love's and



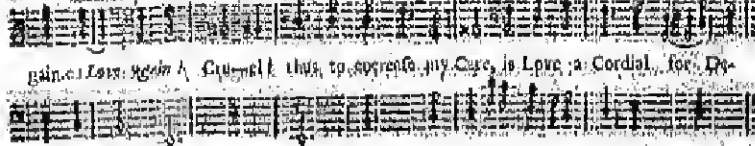
Echo.

Philander.



Echo.

Philander.



Echo.

Philander.

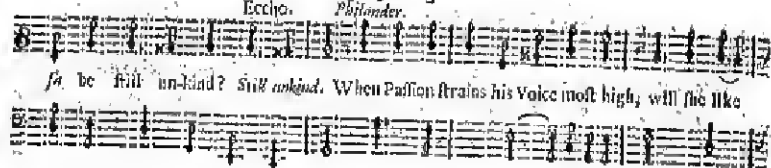


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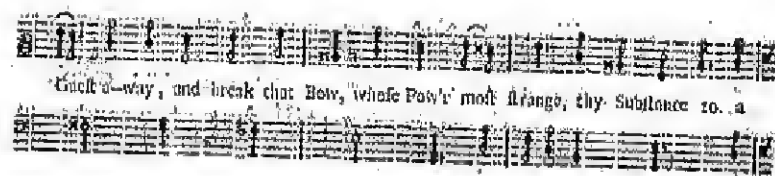
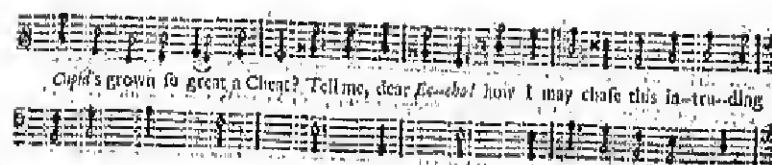
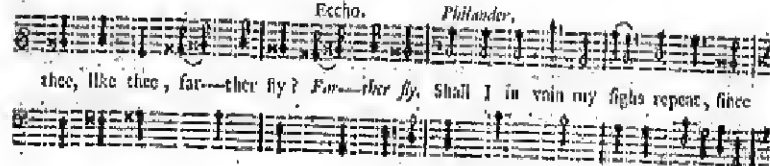
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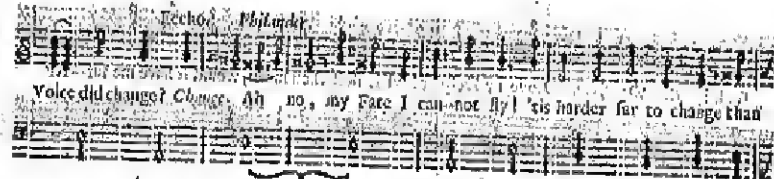
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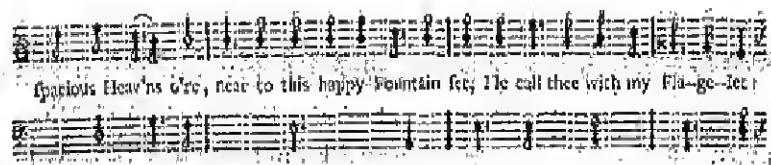
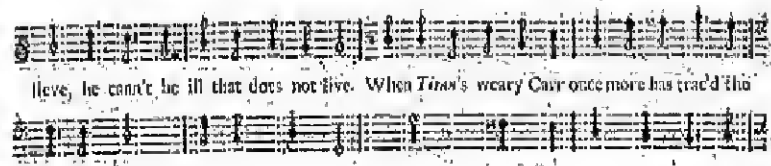
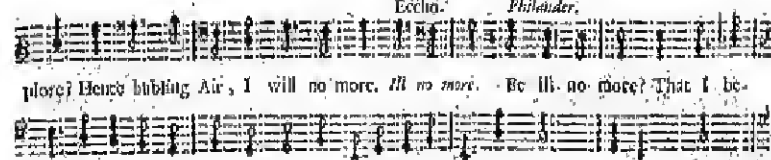
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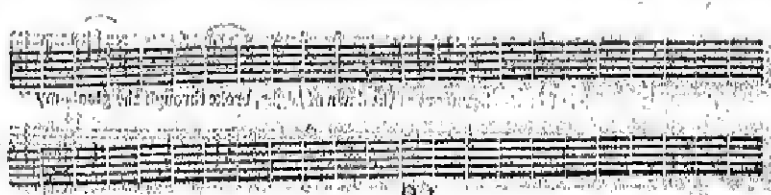
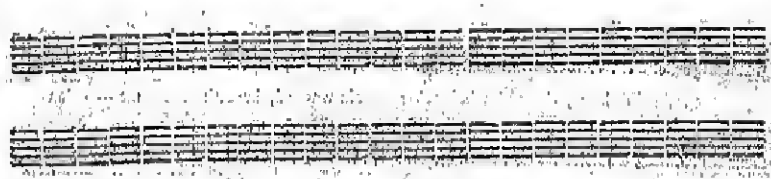
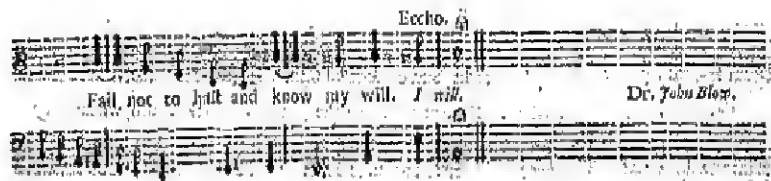
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Echo. Philander.



Echo.



A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

[Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.]



Lay—est, dear A—lex—an—der, love—ly Boy!

Oh my Da—mont! Oh Fair—child! snatch'd away to some far distant Re—gion

gone, has left the mi—se—ra—ble Co—ri—dor, bereft of all his Comforts, bereft of all his

Comforts, all a—lone. Have you not seen the gen—tle Youth, when ev'ry

Swain did love, cheerful when ev'ry Swain was sad, beneath the me—lon—

cho—ly Grove? His face was beauteous as the dawn of Light, broke through the gloo—my

Shades of Night. Oh my Anguish! my Delight! him, ye kind Shepherds, I, be—

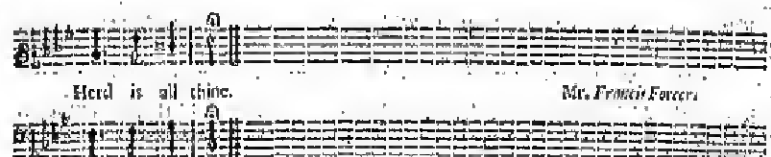
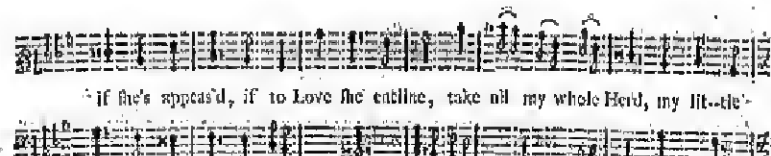
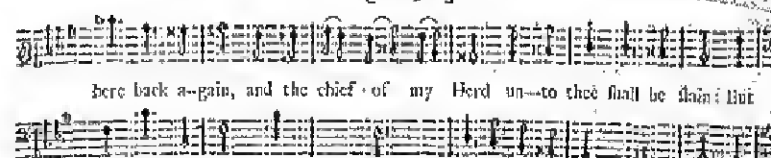
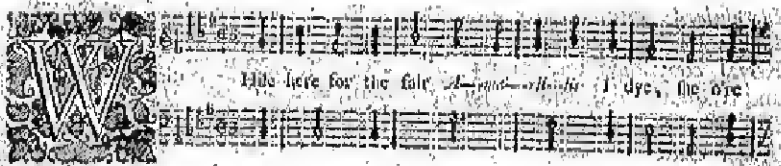
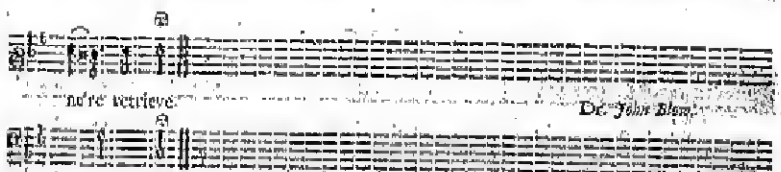
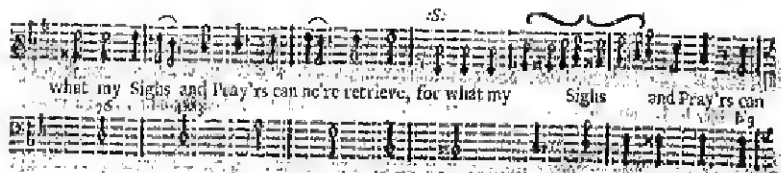
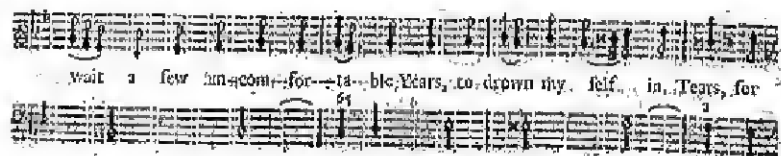
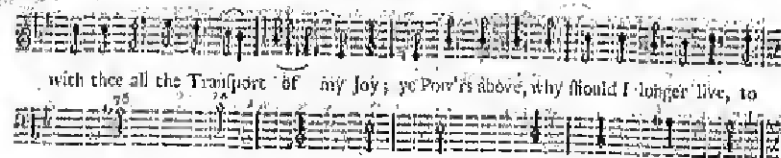
wail, till my Eyes and Heart shall fail: 'tis he that's landed on that di—stant

Shore, and you and I shall see him here no more, and you and I shall see him here no more.

Re—turn A—lex—an—der, Oh re—turn! re—turn, re—turn, in vain I

de—cry: poor Co—ri—dor, can he—ster seek to mourn thy too un—timely en—d

All po—or! my Father! for a—ver, for a—ver, this lov—ing Boy, farewell for e—ver! and



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